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The Sketch

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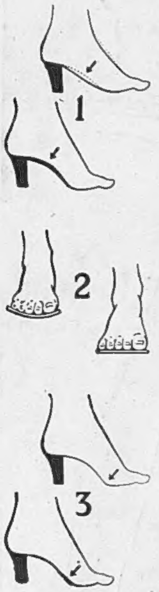

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The pool is warm and the night air is chilly, but she's in no hurry to take the plunge. A girl can stand quite a lot of exposure when she's got the right kind of figure. Even exposure to floodlights of several thousand candle-power — or should one say watts?

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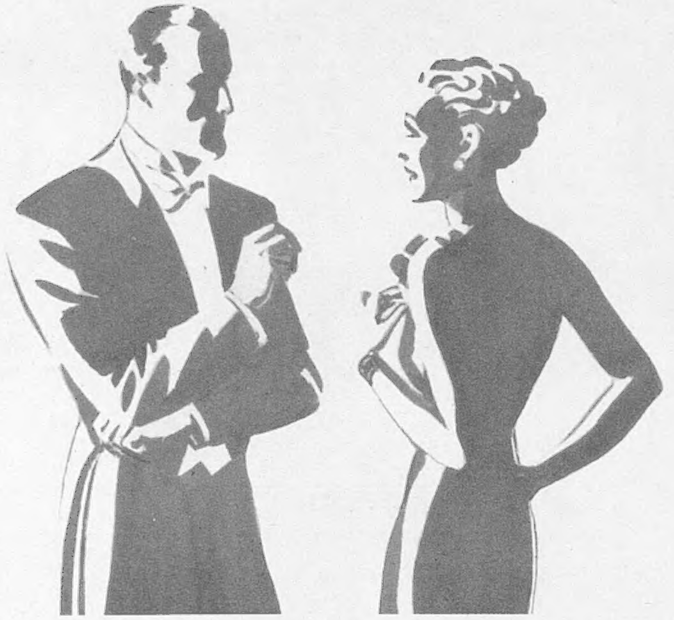

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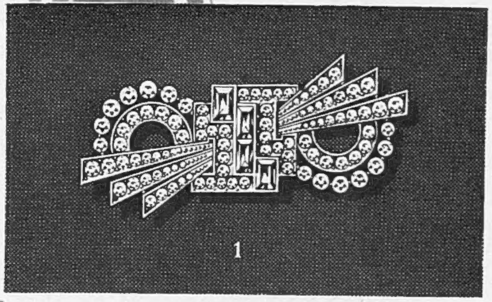

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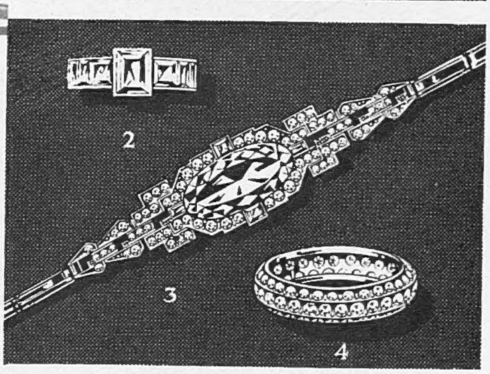

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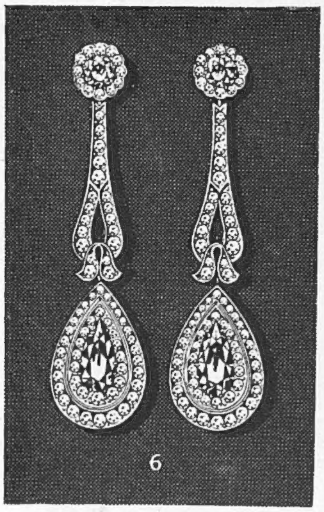

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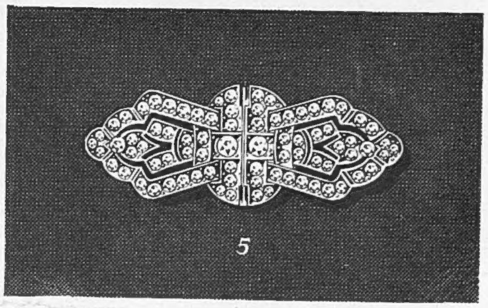

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The Sketch

No. 2332—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1937. ONE SHILLING

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBAN.

TO BE QUEEN FARIDA OF EGYPT.

King Faruk's fiancée, MLLE. SASI NAZ *("Pure Rose")—now* FARIDA *("Unique")—*ZULFICAR, *is the daughter of a distinguished Egyptian judge. The wedding will possibly take place after the Ramadan month of fasting, which starts on November 5. Sasi Naz is Persian; Farida, Egyptian.*

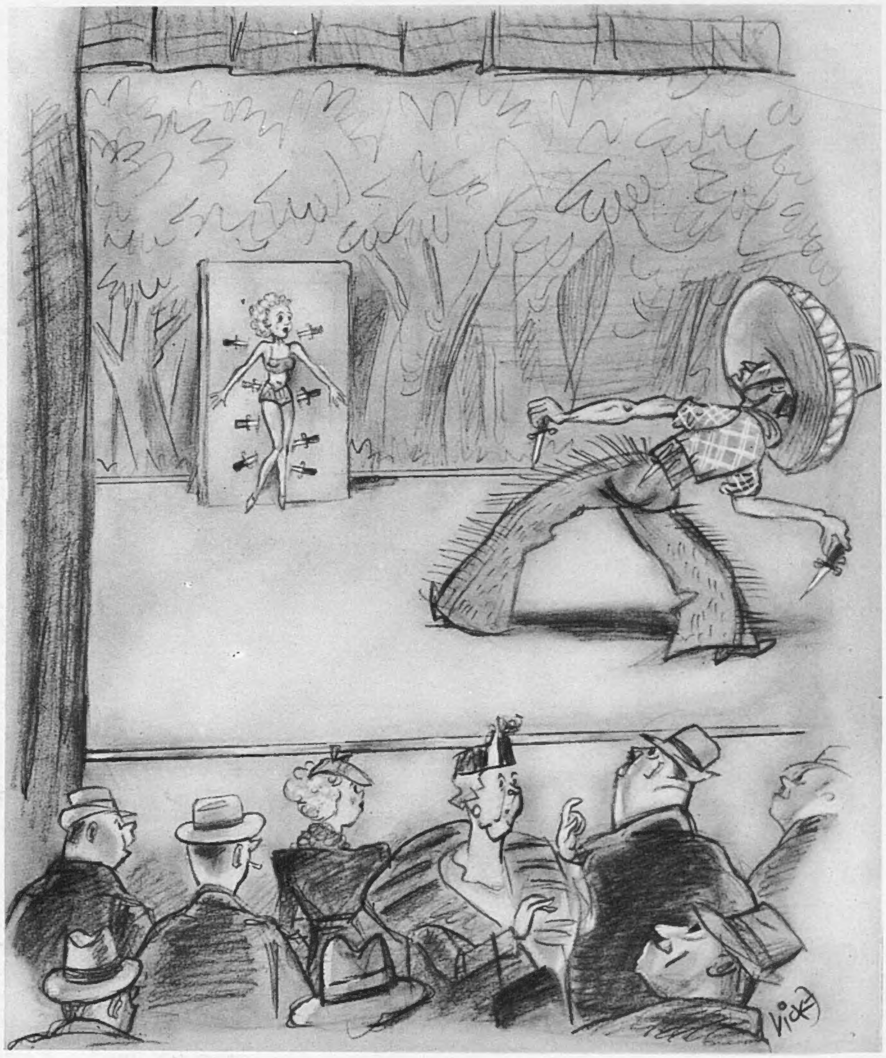
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A GREAT AND TERRIBLE WORLD.

MY venerable and valued friend, the Lama in "Kim," was fond of saying: "It is a great and terrible world!" So, assuredly, it is, and terrible things (not invariably great) are now, and always, happening in it. But it is also, as the Lama recognised in some of his more beatific meditations, a beautiful world, and a world of quite overwhelming variety. I am, as I write these lines, in a very ornate corner of it, and one which startles by the force of the contrast which it presents with other and more familiar worlds.

I am looking out over the St. Lawrence River, from a vantage-point in Quebec not far distant from the spot where New France passed into English hands after about fifteen minutes of critical encounter. Temperate sunlight, from a cloudless sky, flashes and gleams from the unruffled waters of this lord among rivers and floodlights the opposite shore; a single glance casts a permanent spell on the beholder, and one can sit for hours, in perfect contentment, gazing on the ceaseless variety of the kaleidoscope on land and water. After sunset, when the lights hang themselves like jewels, one by one, along the shores, and all the panting traffic of the river is drowsed, there is another and an even more serene beauty. I am no great hand at purple-patch description, and will save both you and myself the infliction of attempting it; but all this panorama is spread out prodigally before one's bedroom window, and I doubt whether any hotel in the world can offer its guests so enchanting a morning and evening salutation as the celebrated Château Frontenac at Quebec.



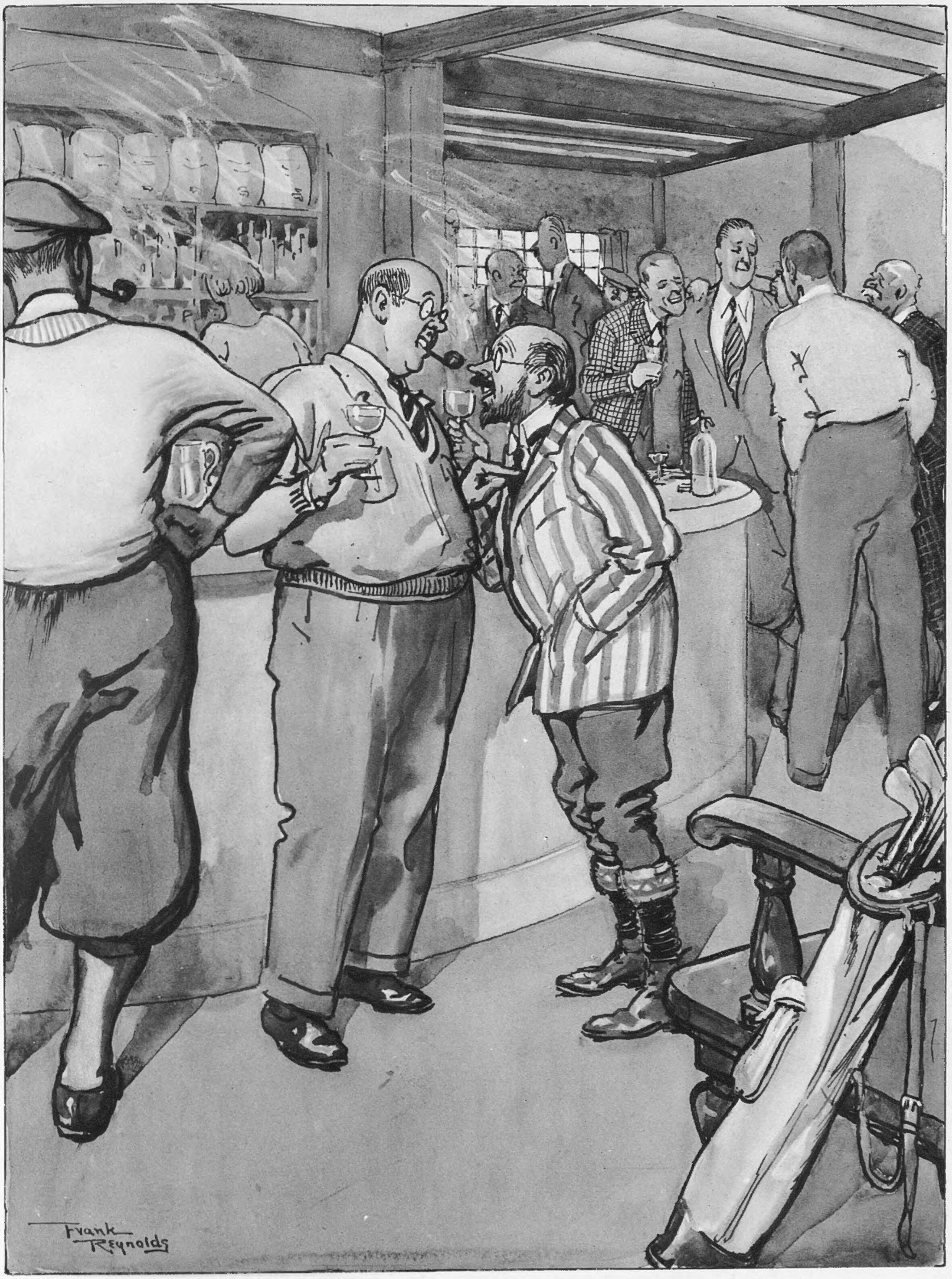
"COME ON, LET'S GO—HE'LL NEVER DO IT."

DRAWN BY VICKY.

It was not my purpose, however, to dwell either upon scenes of natural beauty or upon the enterprise and discrimination of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. What strikes one most in this "historic" old city—it is difficult to avoid the guide-book adjective, for here history cries aloud from every stone—is a sense of "otherness." The centuries have gone gliding by, as silently and as irresistibly as the waters of the St. Lawrence, since New France became a piece of New Britain; but New France was never really new, and to this day it remains Old France. It is wholly without ties to bind it to the France of modern Europe; and yet it is France and none other. Much of it is France of another age. Nothing could be more modern, in the Transatlantic sense, than the "modern conveniences" of the Quebec which the tourist knows; but you have only to walk half a mile from your extremely up-to-the-minute hotel to find yourself in surroundings which are really the France of a hundred or even two hundred years ago. Nobody would accuse the French-Canadian population of being behind the times in any essential material respect; but in the indefinable thing called atmosphere there is a world of difference not merely between (say) Quebec and Sydney or Cape Town, but even between Quebec and Toronto. Driving last evening through the outskirts of the city, on an opaline moonlit night, I wondered for a long time why it all seemed so extraordinarily reminiscent in sight and sound and vague odour; and then places like Calcutta and Colombo and other cities of the East came powerfully into my recollection. That, of course, was absurd; nothing could be more dissimilar than North and East, "and never the twain shall meet"; but that was just how romantically exotic it seemed to the passer-by on a fine summer evening under a starry sky and an enormous bronzen moon. Nobody, I think, who has been hither and thither about the world can fail to be struck by the contrast between this piece of the New-Old World and any other spot he has ever visited. The only place, in my knowledge, comparable to it is New Orleans—but that is another story.

But there is room in a well-designed garden for many flourishing exotics; and this unexpected but arresting exotic flourishes in its own corner, unlike any other, of the curiously miscellaneous garden of the British Empire. Was there ever such a strange and varied collection of botanical specimens as that garden? But do not all these different plants gain in strength, in skilled cultivation, and in the attraction of contrast by being all within one compass? I am old-fashioned enough to think so, and not nearly new-fashioned enough to believe that they will gain either in vitality or charm by being each surrounded by an iron fence, with a notice "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

The perfect philosophical life, I suppose, does not need spice; but most of us have a weakness for some condiment or other, and if we must have a fillip to save us from losing our appetite, then variety is the spice recommended by the traditional prescription. It is, I think, chiefly for the sake of the contrasts that one travels. Each one of us is a pin-point living upon a pin-point of a globe which is itself a pin-point in space; if we don't want to be boneheads as well as pinheads, we need to catch a glimpse, however inadequate, of the great and terrible world. If the experience does nothing else, it will perhaps teach us to be a little less stereotyped in our ideas than, living upon our pin-point, we are apt to be. In the eighteenth century there was an industrious and inquisitive old gentleman, named Montesquieu, who spent the greater part of his life in collecting what one may call the curiosities of humanity. He made a profound impression on his generation; men realised with a start that there is absolutely no uniform pattern of human minds, morals, customs or institutions—though, as a matter of fact, they could have learned the same truth from another industrious and inquisitive old gentleman, who had lived about two thousand years before, and who was named Herodotus. It is a salutary lesson, and only if we learn it does travel "broaden the mind"; for the truth of that platitude, as people too often forget, depends upon the particular mind and its elastic qualities.



THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood wins half-a-crown, but spends considerably more.

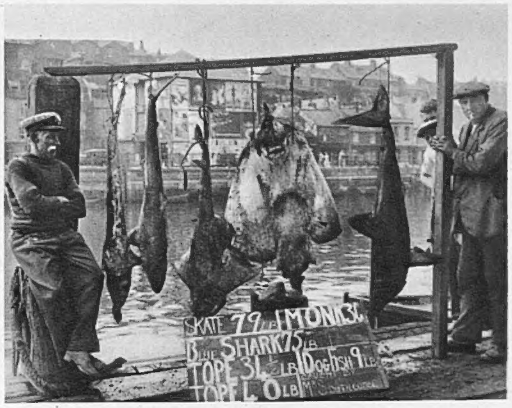
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A - FISHING."

LAST March, the Barnt Green Fishing Club tried the experiment of putting 400 10-inch and 100 13-inch rainbow trout into the Mill Shrub pool. This is a large sheet of water lying between the Lower and Upper Bittell reservoirs, which, connected with two or three smaller lakes situated close to Birmingham, constitute the fishing waters of the Club. Good coarse fishing has been had in the Mill Shrub pool in the past, and lately the members have been having an exciting time with the rainbow trout. The 10-inch fish, which weighed just over ½ lb. when put in, are now 1½ lb. each, while the others are over 2 lb. This is rapid growth in six months, and it should be maintained, as the pool is not too deep and has plenty of weeds. My friend Mr. Scott Atkinson, who is Hon. Secretary of the Club, stated that the amount of excitement in playing a 2-lb. rainbow trout in this weedy lake has to be experienced to be believed.

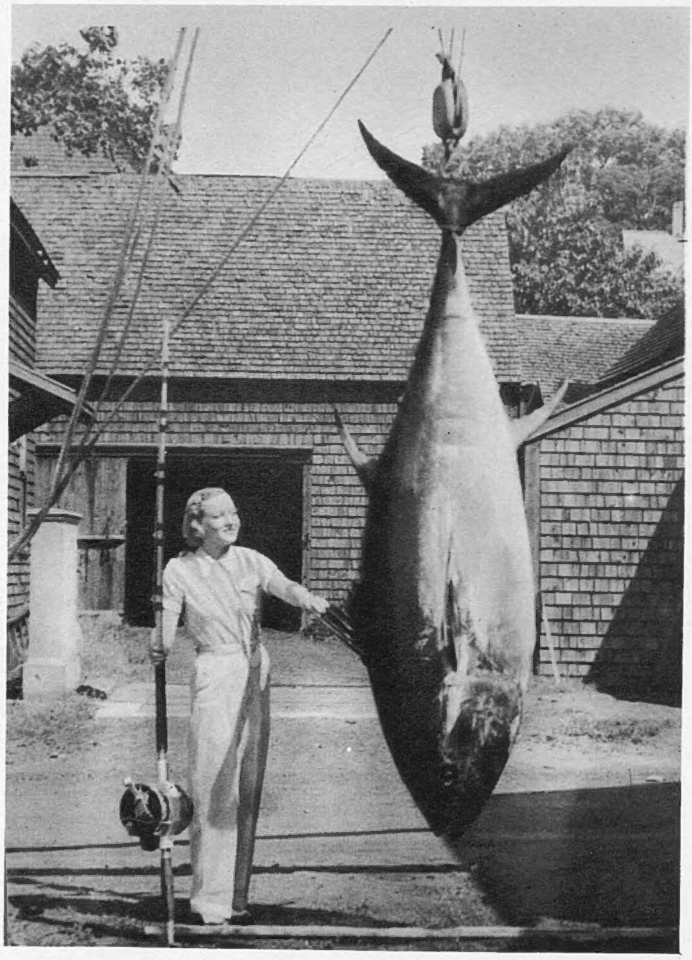
Win for British Tunny Anglers. Bad weather and rough seas tested the competitors in the international tunny tournament held at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, in September 1937. On the first day, the score was 3 to 2 in favour of the United States team, all top-notch big-game anglers: S. Kip Farrington, Jr., A. Pam Blumenthal, W. Goadby Lawrence, Paul Townsend, B. Davis Crowninshield, Hugo Rutherford, and J. Lakin Baldridge. However, the tournament lasted three and a half days, and the U.S. team did not increase their score, while the British team finished up with nine fish. Mr. Thomas Aitken, of New York, who reported the result to me, states that the British victory was a startling upset, and the captain of the U.S. team, Mr. Farrington, paid a tribute to their sportsmanship, skill, and courage, and declared they deserved any fish they caught. The British team consisted of Louis S. Mowbray, of Bermuda (captain), Ross Byrne, Thomas Wheeler, Loren Baker, Earl Thompson, George Hatt, and Lee Wulff.

Fishing Incidents. On landing a roach of 1¼ lb., which he caught 500 yards below the weir pool at Cutt Mill, on the River Stour at Hinton St. Mary, Mr. Sidney W. Blaine had a surprise. In its mouth was a hook and cast which he had lost in a fish the previous evening. As the fish in question was hooked the first time in the weir pool, it is very remarkable that Mr. Blaine should have hooked the same fish again such a long distance away. Mr. A. Ross Wallace, Headmaster of Sherborn School, reported an equally curious incident in a letter to *The Times* recently. He described how Mrs. Alex Waugh, while fishing with two flies for salmon in the River Moy, hooked a fish which broke the cast at the knot. Changing over to a spinning rod, Mrs. Waugh got into a fish about half an hour later. Before the fish was landed it was seen that the hooks of the minnow were embedded in a bulrush, to which the dropper fly of her lost cast was also attached, while the fish, which weighed 7 lb., was still firmly hooked on the tail fly. Though a curious coincidence, it is not difficult to follow the sequence of events, but it was certainly a stroke of luck the spinner fouling the bulrush. Roach and salmon anglers have had their turn. Now for a pike fisherman's story: Mr. John C. Wade, of Lapworth, Warwickshire, informs me that, while fishing for pike in Wales, he hooked a fish on a jointed plug bait. The line broke, and the pike departed with the plug and a good length of line. Mr. Wade put on another plug bait and continued fishing. Seeing a fish jump, he made a cast over the spot and straightway hooked the fish. When he landed it, Mr. Wade was surprised to find that it was the same pike. The first plug had foul-hooked it in the shoulder, the line was wrapped round its body, and the hooks on the second plug had caught in a loop of line. Mr. Wade's luck was in, for these plug baits cost 5s. or 6s. apiece. It is not always the fish that get away that figure in angling stories.



Using rod and line, Mr. Southcombe, of Yeovil, made THIS MAGNIFICENT CATCH *off Portland Bill, Dorsetshire. The total weight of 273½ lb. included a* SKATE *weighing 79 lb., one* MONKFISH *weighing 36 lb., a* BLUE SHARK, *75 lb., two* TOPE *of 34½ lb. and 40 lb. respectively, and a* DOGFISH, *9 lb.*

A Huge Carp. Some weeks ago, Mr. T. Jackson, of Nottingham, sent me some scales from an enormous mirror carp which he found dead in Mapperley Reservoir. Although the carp was extremely dead, Mr. Jackson had the courage to wade into the water and drag it ashore. His spring scales, weighing up to 25 lb., were fully extended while a third of the fish still rested on the ground, and Mr. Jackson estimated the weight at between 30 lb. and 35 lb. As the carp was fully 2 ft. 9 in. in length, three inches longer than the record rod-caught carp of 26 lb. taken from the same water, Mr. Jackson's estimate was probably near the mark. From its condition, there was little doubt that the carp died spawn-bound. A peculiar feature of mirror carp is that they have comparatively few scales, and these are very large. I am inclined to think that some of the scales are retarded in growth, or possibly do not begin to grow at the same time as the others. One scale appeared to show no more than twelve years' growth at the most, whereas a scale from another part of the body showed indistinctly double as many annual rings. Although admittedly a very doubtful reading, it coincides with the probable age of the carp, as Mr. Jackson points out that one-year old carp were put in the reservoir after it was drained in 1912. He suggests that this carp may be the largest fish, apart from pike or salmon, ever taken in fresh water in the British Isles.



Mrs. H. E. Dodge, of New York, caught this fine 620-lb. TUNNY *off Shelbourne, Nova Scotia. She used a 39 thread line and a 15-ft. wire trace, with a small mackerel for bait on a Zane Grey hook. This catch would qualify Mrs. Dodge to hold a British tunny certificate. Its length was 8 ft. 9 in., girth 5 ft. 8 in. She already holds a Liverpool Tunny Club certificate.*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

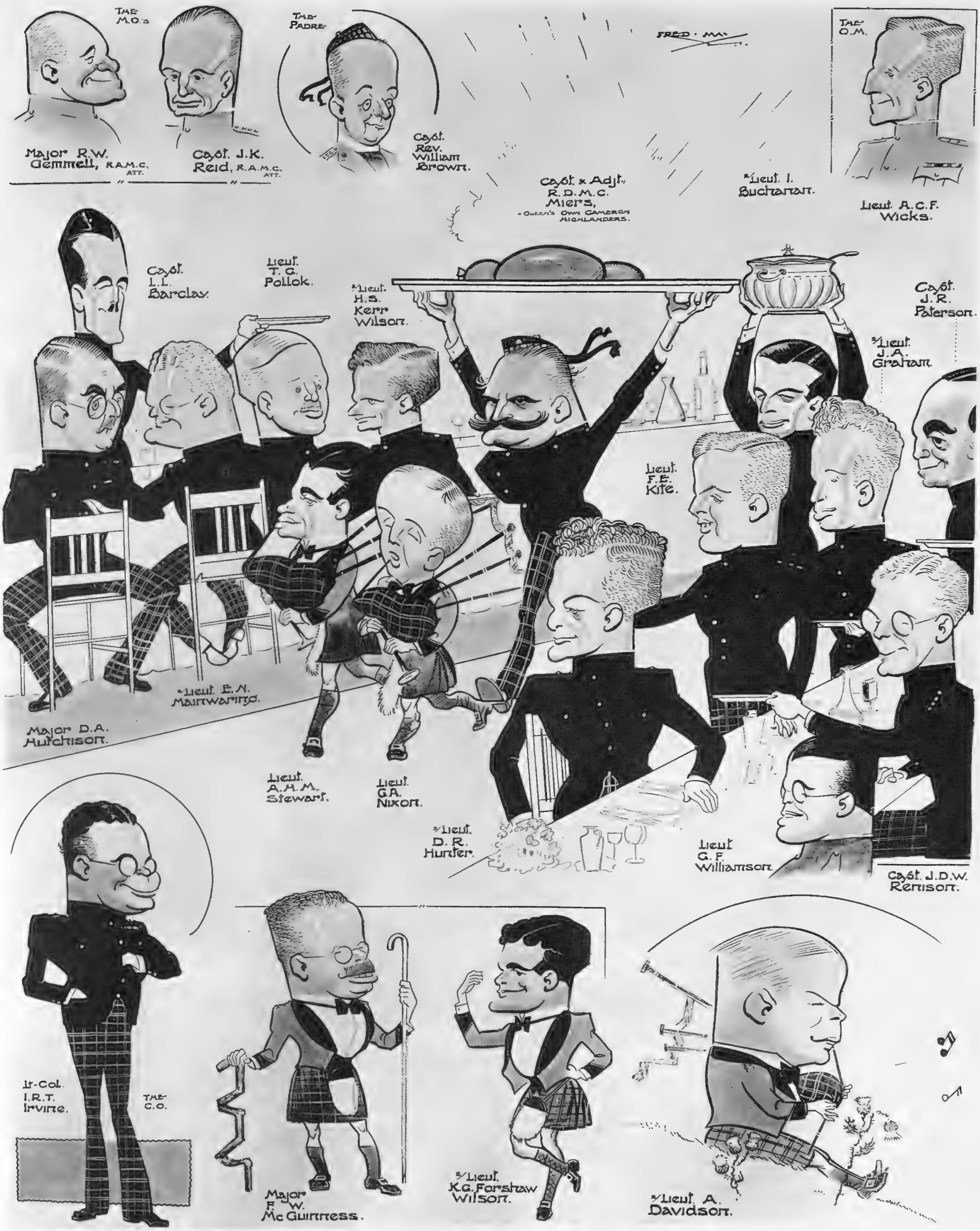
On Sept. 21, Mr. McDiarmid caught a 41-pounder on the Kinnaird Water, River Tay.

There was a record entry of over 5000 competitors in the 46th annual contest of the Birmingham Anglers' Association on the River Severn on Oct. 3.

After being in bed on Monday and Tuesday with a temperature of 103, Mr. C. A. Taylor went fishing in the Avon at Christchurch on Wednesday, Sept. 22, and landed three barbel, 8 lb. 1 oz., 11¼ lb., and 13 lb. 14 oz. The big one fought hard for an hour and completely cured Mr. Taylor's temperature.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE LIVERPOOL SCOTTISH.

The 10TH (LIVERPOOL SCOTTISH) BATTALION (TERRITORIAL) *forms part of the Corps of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. It dates from 1859, when Queen Victoria graciously signified her acceptance of a Corps of Volunteers under the title "The Liverpool Scottish Rifle Volunteers (XIXth Lancashire)." Two companies, a Lowland and a Highland—which wore the Mackenzie tartan—were raised and officered, and the corps prospered. The regiment has been through various changes of name. It sent a service section to the South African War, and in the Great War it was the first Liverpool unit to be sent overseas. It gained great distinction from 1914-1918.*

MR. FREDERICK CARDEW, *his niece,* LADY NUGENT, *whose aquamarine suit had a matching hat, and his daughter,* MRS. MITCHELL, *in the paddock.*

An Isle of Wight "lovely" was MISS JOAN MILLER, *who wore a white rain coat and a white bandeau. With her was* MR. JOHN WATSON, *a cousin of Sir Norman Watson, Bt.*

Lovely MISS DIANA LLOYD, *who is rehearsing for Leon M. Lion's winter production, wore an original striped woollen jacket in four shades. With her is* CONTE RAFAELE PALLASTRELLI, *of the Italian Embassy.*

MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI *came over from Crawley Court, her husband's place near Winchester. Mrs. Philippi is Chilean by birth, and is one of the attractive de Bittencourt sisters.*

MISS SYLVIA LLOYD-THOMAS *is a Coronation Year débutante, and the second daughter of H.B.M.'s Minister in Paris.*

PRINCESS ALPHONSE DE CARAMAN-CHIM *wore one of the smartest suits in the new ro hide colour, trimmed with fur.* MRS. CHARL KERR, *née Villiers, is also in the picture. Th Princess is the eldest daughter of Lord a Lady Ernest Hamilton.*

Left: MISS DIANA HODGKINSON, *19 débutante, wore an amusing version of the hi hat with a tubular line. With her are* MR. D DOBBS *and* MRS. F. JOHNSON-WREFORD.

WELL - KNOWNS FORGATHER A

MR. *and* MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS *came over from their lovely house near Sunningdale, which is in process of being done up. She is the former Miss Jessica Browne, and was formerly married to the Earl of Northesk.*

This trio (left to right) are MRS. ANTHONY WINGFIELD, LADY GRENFELL, *and* MRS. O'NEILL. *Note Lady Grenfell's bandeau.*

MR. DAVID BAKER *and* CAPTAIN PATTERSON *were with the former's sister,* VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT, *who was Miss Pamela Baker, daughter of Mr. Charles Baker, of Letcombe Manor, Wantage.*

VISCOUNTESS LONG OF WRAXALL *had a dark-brown, cone-shaped hat. She is talking to* MISS MONICA SHERIFFE.

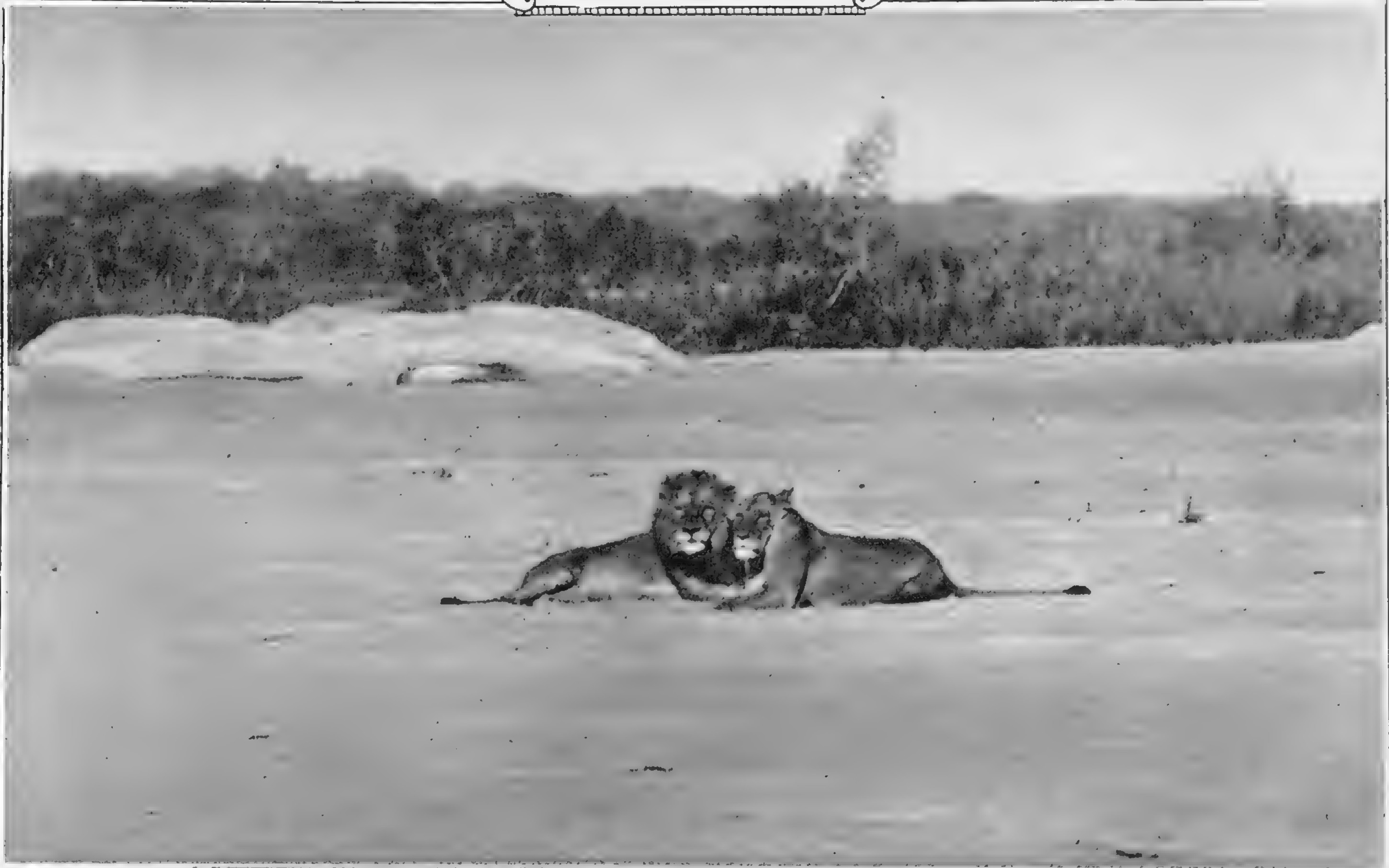
MRS. ROSE HORLICK'S *duck-egg woollen ensemble had dark-brown stamped suède as its original trimming. She is the attractive elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Nickolls.*

Right: MISS AGNES KING, MISS JEAN LODER, *and* LADY MARY-ROSE FITZROY *were a very earnest trio in the paddock.*

LORD *and* LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *were together. He is the twentieth Baron of a creation dating from 1491; and is a Captain in the 17/21st Lancers. His wife is a daughter of Sir Bourchier Wrey, Bt.*

THE NEWBURY AUTUMN CUP.

THE QUARREL



MAKING IT UP

CONVERSATION PIECES.

1. The Duchess of Kent with Prince Edward, who will celebrate his third birthday on the ninth of this month. The Duke, by the way, played himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club last week—with a 60-yard drive!

2. The Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel, who was born last Christmas Day. She is named Helen in honour of her maternal grandmother, Princess Nicholas of Greece, and Olga after the Duchess of Kent's sister.

WIFE AND CHILDREN OF THE NEW ROYAL AND ANCIENT CAPTAIN.

THE Duchess of Kent, charming and elegant herself, is the happy mother of two delightful children. Prince Edward already has a way with him and has won many hearts by his exceptionally winning smile. Princess Alexandra is still very young and has not been so much in the public eye, but it is easy to see that she inherits the good looks of both her parents.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET, W.

AIR-MINDED LORD LONDONDERRY IRISH SEAT,

LORD LONDONDERRY, *a former Secretary of State for Air, is very air-minded. He holds an " A " licence and intends to qualify for a commercial pilot's " B " licence. Here he is landing at Mount Stewart in his Avro Cadet.*

LORD LONDONDERRY *finds a short cut to the garden.*

LORD *and* LADY LONDONDERRY *looking at their fine new swimming-pool. Although it is still in the course of construction, Lady Londonderry has already used it for bathing.*

The back of Mount Stewart has large curved bay windows at each end, and in the centre is a pediment.

Right: The wall of TIR N'AN OG, *which means, in Gaelic, " the Land of the Ever Young." This is a hill garden laid out as a family burial-ground by Lady Londonderry.*

AND LADY LONDONDERRY AT THEIR MOUNT STEWART.

LORD and LADY LONDONDERRY *on the steps of the terrace at Mount Stewart, Co. Down, Ireland, with some of their favourite dogs.*

The front of the house, showing part of the fine façade, with its Ionic portico. This west wing was built, like so many Irish residences, in the eighteenth century—1780, to be precise—and the rest of the house about forty years later.

LADY LONDONDERRY *by the beautiful lake in the grounds of Mount Stewart. In the background is a decorative group of flamingoes presented to her by the late King Fuad of Egypt.*

The flamingoes give an exotic touch to the Irish landscape.

Left: The south side of the house, the terrace; and a small part of the beautiful garden, with a sculptured dodo.

TALES WITH A STING.

THE SPIDER SPINS ALONE.

By ROBERT BUCKNER

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

ROCCO and Steve sat on the floor in a litter of newspapers, cards, and cigarette-butts, shooting craps at five dollars a throw. The big, amber dice with white spots clicked against the wall and stopped. After each throw Rocco and Steve exchanged a few matches. There was a box in front of each man, but Steve's box was filled. He held the rest in his left hand while he handled the dice. Whenever they lit a cigarette they were careful to use the paper matches the Spider brought back from the dog-wagon, because the long, blue-headed matches meant good money.

For two weeks they had been in this one small room in the Upper Bronx, with the shades drawn day and night and with nothing to do but eat, sleep, and wait. Only two weeks? The time that had passed between the snatch and the pay-off seemed more like two years. But now, at two-thirty, in less than half an hour, the Spider would go out and come back with the cash. Then, after the Spider had collected, they would 'phone to Rocco's sister, who was holding the kid. All Lolita had to do was to put her on a Concourse bus in the morning and the deal was closed.

Fifty grand split three ways worked out to nearly seventeen apiece. They had figured it out weeks ago, even before the job was pulled. They would have had to split it four ways if they hadn't given Gus the slip. Gus was yellow. You couldn't trust him. The Spider had figured that out, too. The Spider had brains.

As the half-hour grew shorter Steve and Rocco began to get nervous. Not scared. A little excited, maybe. Seventeen grand! The pause between throws became less and less until the noise of the dice galloping across the floor was almost a steady, unbroken sound.

The Spider looked at his watch, yawned, and climbed down from the white iron bed. He took a long time putting on his shoes, leaning over until he thought it would look natural if his face was red. They would be watching his every move now. As he tied the strings he could feel the pulse throbbing in his temples. Finally he stood up, walked across the room to the closet, and put on his hat, while Rocco and Steve looked on silently.

"I'm going to walk," the Spider said, lighting a cigarette. "If I ain't back here inside an hour it won't mean only one thing. You take the car and clear out."

"Right," Steve nodded.

As he turned to the door the Spider's eye fell on the telephone. He pulled a pencil from his pocket, reached down and picked up a card from the floor, wrote the number on it, and stuck the card in a vest pocket. "Just in case something happens," he explained, and went out. Rocco got up from the floor and locked the door behind him.

The Spider glanced again at his watch in the dim hall light. Two-twenty. He walked slowly down the deserted streets until he reached the vacant lot on Burke Avenue near the White Plains road. The spot agreed on was the billboard at the corner. As the Spider went by it the first time he saw the long envelope lying on the ground under the exact centre of the sign. The second time he passed he reached down quickly and picked it up.

"Go back home," the Spider said quietly. "The kid will be there alive and well before ten o'clock in the morning."

He thrust the envelope into an inside pocket and walked rapidly away. Then the Spider did a curious thing. Instead of returning as he had come, he headed in the opposite direction.

In front of an old brownstone house in Gun Hill Road he stopped and looked around. Then he opened a low iron gate and stepped down a short flight of steps. Above the button on the basement door there was a small brass sign which caught the street light and revealed the name of "Dr. M. Siegel." The Spider pressed the button twice, waited, then twice again.

A woman dressed in white unlocked the door and followed him into a dark hall filled with a sharp, antiseptic odour. She switched on the light and said quietly, without looking at him: "The doctor is waiting for you. It's the last door on the left, at the end of the hall."

The Spider tapped on the door and was told to come in. He opened the door and faced a small, dark man, with a face almost as thin as his own. The doctor nodded gravely, then went behind a screen and emerged wearing a white coat, which he proceeded to button. In the centre of the room the Spider noted the long operating-table, and against the walls were several tables filled with bottles and metal cabinets. Directly above the table was a brilliant light.

No word was spoken. The Spider ran the tip of his tongue around his dry lips. "I got the money all right," he said finally. "You want me to give you yours now?"

The doctor broke open a box of absorbent gauze. "Suit yourself about that," he replied indifferently.

The Spider reached into his pocket for the thick envelope and counted out ten $500 bills. He frowned at the money. "We haven't forgotten nothing, have we?" he asked anxiously. "There can't be no slip-ups about this?"

The other man regarded him for a moment. "We've gone over all this before," he reminded the Spider irritably. "If you still want to back out, you can. I'm running a damn sight bigger risk in this than you are, and you know it. So make up your mind which it's going to be. Are you going through with it or not?"

"Okay, Doc., don't get excited." The Spider handed over the money, which the receiver thrust casually into a trousers pocket. "Only remember," the Spider added, "these guys ain't going to be easy to fool. They've seen plenty of stuff like this. I mean the real stuff."

"Take off your hat," the doctor said abruptly.

The Spider sat motionless on a white-top stool while his head was being bandaged. The broad strips of gauze were wrapped neatly, layer after layer, around his temples and the base of his skull; then under his chin and across the top. When the job was finished the doctor took a filled tube from one of the cabinets, and tilting the Spider's head to one side, he poured out the blood slowly until the bandage was soaked through and a small trickle ran down the Spider's neck on to his shirt.

"Now get up here and lie down," the doctor pointed to the operating-table. The Spider sat on the hard, narrow table and then lay back. He closed his eyes from the blinding light above his head.

The doctor stepped back to judge the effect. "You look all right," he said at last. "Now, what's the telephone number?"

The Spider opened his eyes, reached into his vest pocket and took out the card. He noticed that it was the seven of diamonds. The doctor took the card and went out into the hall to the telephone. While he dialled the number, the Spider raised up on his elbows to listen.

"Hello! Who is this?" the doctor spoke sharply. . . . "No, this is Dr. Siegel speaking," and he gave the address. "There is a man in my office who is seriously wounded. . . . No, I don't know his name, but I found your telephone number on a card in his pocket. . . . Well, he's a small man, about forty or so, partly bald, and . . . all right, please get up here as soon as you can. I think he is dying." He repeated the address and hung up.

When he came back into the room the Spider noticed that the doctor's face was wet with perspiration, and when he spoke his voice was harsh.

"Now listen," he said, coming close to the Spider. "I'm going to give you a light shot to put you to sleep until these friends of yours are gone. Otherwise they may think you're faking. The rest of the job you can leave to me. I've got your tickets to New Orleans and there's a train from Penn Station at seven-fifteen. You can stay here until then if you want to."

"Okay, fine," the Spider cleared his throat. "But first take this dough and stick it away somewhere," he handed over the long envelope.

The doctor disappeared with it behind the screen. Then, with hands that shook only slightly, he filled a hypodermic syringe

[Continued on page viii.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PORTRAITS IN WOOL: CELEBRITIES IN NEEDLEWORK.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

FAY COMPTON; *wigged with her own hair.*

NORMA SHEARER *and* LESLIE HOWARD.

EARL BALDWIN.

WOOL portraits have been made by Miss E. Rawson Constable for many years. Those we show will be among the exhibits at the Coronation Embroidery Exhibition, in aid of the Lambeth Girls' Welfare Association, to be held from October 20-26 at 46, Eaton Square. They are done from photographs; and Miss Constable worked that of the Duchess of Kent in a colour-scheme of her own against a light tan background with a pale-blue scarf.

CHIEFLY SCOTS — HUNT

MISS JARDINE *(left) with* LADY MANSFIELD, *who took a party.*

Above, left: SIR HUGH *and* LADY SMILEY, *with* MR. MICHAEL SMILEY. *Lady Smiley is a sister of Mr. Cecil Beaton.*

Right: CAPTAIN DRUMMOND - HAY *with* SIR TORQUIL *and* LADY MUNRO.

Racing thoughtfulness: MR. *and* MRS. HERIOT MAITLAND *and (behind)* MISS JESSICA MANN-THOMSON.

The HON. LADY FOX *is the wife of Sir Gifford Fox, and only child of the first Lord Eltisley.*

Left: MISS JEAN MacGREGOR *of Cardney, a Scottish beauty; with* CAPTAIN MacRAE *of Ballimore.*

Right: MR. DRUMMOND HAY *with* LADY MASSEREENE, *who was in Lady Mansfield's party.*

AT THE PERTH 'CHASES.

COL. *the* DUKE OF ATHOLL *and* MRS. NIEL RAMSAY *of Drumour.*

Left:
MR. D. MACGREGOR *of Cardney swathed his plaid round his shoulders.* MISS D. GRANT *is with him.*

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY *is Lord Londonderry's eldest daughter. With her is* SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON.

LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS, *wife of Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, a subaltern in the Grenadier Guards, is the youngest sister of the Earl of Normanton.*

The MARQUESS OF GRAHAM, *heir to the Duke of Montrose, in the paddock with the* HON. MARGARET FORBES-SEMPILL.

MR. DONALD CAMERON, JNR., *of Lochiel, with* MISS STIRLING.

A group on the grand-stand steps (l. to r.): the HON. DEBORAH MITFORD; MISS VIRGINIA BRAND, *a niece of Lady Astor;* MISS URSULA KENYON-SLANEY; LADY MARGARET OGILVY; LADY JEAN OGILVY; *and (in front)* MISS GEORGINA WERNHER. *Behind (centre) is the Earl of Lindsay.*

The HON. JOHN CHARLES COMPTON CAVENDISH, *only son of Lord Chesham, of Latimer House, and his bride,* MISS MARY EDMUND MARSHALL, *greeted by a huntsman's horn played by* CLARENCE JOHNSON, *a servant of the Bicester Hunt, as they left St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

SOME young people start being in the news at a very early age, which is due not so much to their own merits as to the fact that they have been lucky in their choice of parents! A débutante of 1955, or thereabouts, and the heir of the heir presumptive of the Dukedom of Argyll have this week had a foretaste of social obligations—which took the form of christenings. Whether they registered howling disapproval or not shall not be mentioned.

At St. Columba's, Pont Street, just a month and a day after he was born, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Campbell was named after his father. The ceremony was a quiet one, and it was not followed by a reception. Being a member of the Church of Scotland, young Master Ian will have no godfatherly Christmas cheques and no godmotherly formidable cigars. His good-looking father is first cousin, once removed, of the bachelor Duke of Argyll. Mrs. Campbell, an American, is the daughter of Mr. Henry Clews, the sculptor, and a granddaughter of the late Henry Clews, of Wall Street fame.

The baby daughter, born in July, of Sir Edward and Lady Hoare wore the family christening robe of old Honiton lace over billowy chiffon at her christening. Little Catherine Mary has five sponsors. Mr. O. V. G. Hoare and Mr. A. H. O'Brien Taylor are her godfathers, and the three godmothers are Mrs. Lutyens, Mrs. Wilkinson, and Miss Marc.

MISS ANGELA HAIG-THOMAS, *eldest daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, of The Grange, Goring-on-Thames, whose engagement to Mr. Richard Gurowski, Scots Guards, eldest son of Count and Countess Gurowski, of Woolhampton Park, near Reading, Berks, was recently announced.*

I hear that Lord Derby's first great-grandchild and Lord Halifax's first grandchild is to be christened on Oct. 11. The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood (Ruth Primrose that was) is to receive the names of Caroline Victoria, which have a distinct flavour of crinolines, dance programmes, and stiff bouquets, but which are now all the rage again. Mr. Peter Wood, her father's brother, has promised to be a godfather, and the godmothers are the young Duchess of Norfolk and Miss Priscilla Bullock. There will be a reception, which will be held at the Eaton Square home of Lord and Lady Halifax. Mr. Wood, M.P. for York, is the son and heir of Lord Halifax.

. . . . .

Bramham Park, that stately eighteenth-century family seat of Lord Bingley, famed for its shoe-shaped stone outer stairway and its spacious grounds, with their bright herbaceous borders, lily-pond, and wooded rural walks, is surely the perfect setting for country wedding celebrations. The original gardens were planned by Le Nôtre, that great man who was responsible for the beauty of the grounds at Versailles. It was arranged that the Archbishop of Canterbury should go up to Yorkshire to officiate at the wedding of Lord and Lady Bingley's third daughter, Miss Dorothy Lane Fox, to Mr. Kenneth Wade Parkinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Parkinson, on Oct. 2 at All Saints' Church, Bramham.

The bride chose a lovely ivory satin for her wedding dress, with a high neck and puffed sleeves. Her Brussels lace veil was lent by her mother. It is an heirloom from her great-grandmother, who was Countess of Devon, and is used at every wedding and christening in the bride's family. The only jewellery to be worn by her are some pearl ear-rings, and her bouquet is to consist of a sheath of Harrisii lilies.

Red was the *leit-motif* of the picturesque retinue of ten. The two grown-ups, Miss Elsie Parkinson, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Margaret Lane Fox, had cherry-red velvet dresses cut on mediæval lines with high collars. Their head-dresses consisted of red velvet leaves, gold-tipped, and they carried dahlias of the same brilliant tone. Four little bridesmaids—Anne Bridgeman, niece of the bride; Sally Wainman, Clare Sandars, and Mary Aykroyd—had ankle-length frocks of white organza over ivory satin, with ribbons of cherry-red velvet encircling their waists and in their hair. Cherry-red slippers peeped out from their billowy skirts.

LADY DIANA HAMILTON RUSSELL *leaving the Brompton Parish Church after her marriage to the* HON. JOHN HAMILTON RUSSELL, *third son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne. She is the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, and was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation.*

. . . . .

Something to look forward to and cheer us up in spite of the winter's climatic gloom is the dance at the Austrian Legation in aid of Austrian charities on Dec. 9. It is to be *un bal travesti*, and the period 1760 Salzburg, when Mozart was a little boy. It will be given in the room named after that great composer, and a small boy will be dressed up to represent him and will distribute gifts. Baron Franckenstein hopes that everyone will come dressed as peasants, and, with the prevalent passion for anything *dirndl*, it is not likely that the feminine visitors will fail to answer

MISS DIANA CARLOS CLARKE *made a most decorative bride in her high-necked, long-sleeved wedding dress. She married* MR. FULKE WALWYN *(late 9th Lancers), son of Lieut.-Col. F. J. Walwyn, of Raglan, Monmouthshire. The bride is the daughter of Major Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Chappell.*

to this appeal. Men—especially Englishmen—are always a little lazy about dressing-up.

The decorations for this occasion are being done by a well-known Austrian artist. He has designed a post to be put up in the middle of the ball-room, with small, decorated niches all round it specially for those who wish to sit out. There will be all sorts of entertainments during the evening, including singing and playing by a remarkably gifted family of seven musicians brought over specially from Salzburg. They sing beautifully, and play on old peasant instruments which are no longer in general use.

An important person who may not wish to be present at this delightful party is Baron Franckenstein's chow, whose acquaintance I made the other day. He has a very fine name—Li Tai Pei—after the famous Chinese poet and drinker, but it is considered much too good for daily use, and is kept for Sundays only!

. . . .

M. and Mme. Besançon de Wagram (Maggy Rouff) gave an intimate little cocktail-party at the Dorchester, in a room overlooking the Park, the day before the opening of her London premises. Black seemed to be all the rage there, Greta Nissen being one of the few exceptions to the prevalent rule, as her dress was white. Maggy Rouff herself was dressed in the predominant colour, and her gown was one of very simple lines, with gold sequin embroidery on the bodice and spirals of them down the sleeves. The Princess de Chimay and Lady Phyllis Allen were among the elegant women present.

. . . .

Those of us who believe in the truth of the saying: "*Tout homme intelligent à deux patries—la sienne et la France,*" were delighted to find that we were once more vindicated by the supremacy of our adopted country in the culinary art. Mme. Prunier's Annual Feast of Oysters and Game has become one of the gourmet's red-letter days in the autumn, and it did not fall short of its exceptionally high standard this year. Mme. Prunier herself is a typical Frenchwoman, who manages to combine business efficiency with a highly decorative appearance, and she looked exceptionally well in a very smart white dress. She made a little speech in which she pointed out that she was doing her utmost to popularise in this country the simpler kinds of fish, such as skate, rock salmon, and last, but by no means least, the herring, and thus help the fishermen. Those of us who wish to get more information on how to cook these "fruits" of the sea to their best advantage cannot do better than attend the "Lectures for Gourmets" at Prunier's, mention of which has already been made in *The Sketch*.

. . . .

Here is news from Scotland: "Though storm-clouds hovered threateningly, the sun shone brightly at Hamilton races, but there was just that nip in the afternoon air to remind one that winter's on the way. As a whole (with the possible exception of Perth) Scottish racecourses are far from picturesque, but Hamilton Park's sylvan setting rivals Longchamp. Tweed turn-outs of every conceivable shade predominated in the crowded paddock. Lady Katherine Howard's raspberry-hued homespun coat and skirt contrasted with her sister-in-law, the young Duchess of Norfolk's 'light-weight' rust-coloured outfit worn with a three-quarter-length coat. No less effective was Mrs. James Beck's neat tailor-made. She motored over from Dalmeny with Lady Rosebery, with whom she is staying before embarking on a round of visits in her native Border country.

"Novel fashion notes in head-wear were provided by attractive Miss Virginia Hughes-Onslow of Laggan, whose nut-brown tresses were bound up in a pale yellow 'snood'; and *petite* Mrs. Percy Melville (Catriona Macleod of Skeabost that was), whose mauve chiffon trimmed hat, and her face, were swathed in a wide-meshed motoring veil. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, doyen of Scottish racing, who is one of the greatest authorities in Britain on the 'sport of kings,' held court in his box above the Members' Stand. His Carron Bridge pulled off one of the afternoon's most popular wins, being vociferously cheered on to victory by Lady Ainsworth's beautiful, fair-haired daughter, Miss Jean Hope-Johnstone of Annandale. The Turf, however, is not Lord Hamilton's only interest, for he also managed to devote much of his time and energy to farming. A year or two ago he created a mild sensation in the neighbourhood by starting a milk-shop at Motherwell. Also decorating this Scottish race scene were Miss Jean Weir, Lord Weir's niece, and Miss Margaret Stirling of Keir, whose mother, Lord Lovat's aunt, is organiser-in-chief of that annual inter-county charity rout which will take place at the Gleneagles Hotel, as usual, next month.

The DUKE OF KENT *plays himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, in succession to Sir John Simon. He is the third of the royal brothers to accept this captaincy. Unfortunately, he "fluffed" his drive and the ball reached only about sixty yards—a short sovereign's-worth!*

"Among those who went to Dundee for the Gaelic Mod last week were Lord and Lady Cassilis. Both are enthusiastic 'Gaels,' and have done much good work in helping further the Gaelic cause in the North. Lord Cassilis is no stranger to this busy Angus metropolis, for he has presided over several Celtic concerts there in recent years. His father, Lord Ailsa, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday a short time ago, is also a fluent Gaelic speaker. A man of many interests, yachting and flower-culture are two of his favourite hobbies. In the terraced gardens of Culzean Castle, his magnificent Scottish seat, which stands on the top of a rock overlooking the Firth of Forth, he has successfully acclimatised a quantity of exceedingly rare, exotic flowering shrubs, which are almost impossible to grow in any other part of Scotland. From the windows of the beautiful 'round drawing-room' at Culzean (which, for the benefit of Sassenach readers, is pronounced 'Cul-lane') there is an amazingly fine view. On a fine day one can see the distant hills of Arran and the lofty mass of Ailsa Craig—some fifteen miles away. Lord and Lady Cassilis make their home at Newhailes, near Musselburgh."

. . . .

A spy from Paris writes: "The Ritz bar has not been so crowded for pre-lunch cocktails since 1925, as the statisticians would say. In fact, it gives one somewhat the impression of a very pleasant Transatlantic boat-train. Daily one can see all sorts of celebrities, British and foreign, and one day I noticed there Mrs. Gilbert Miller, the wife of the theatrical producer, with the Louis Bromfields, and at a very gay table were Ralph Hanke and Steve Donoghue, the jockey, as well as Douglas Fairbanks, senior, and other celebrities present were Diana Guest, Robert Harris, and Eddie Tatham."

MARIEGOLD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

DAUGHTER OF AN AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN AND AGENT-GENERAL.

MRS. JOHN BETHELL, *who is the wife of Lord Bethell's heir, is a daughter of the Hon. Sir James Daniel Connolly, who was Agent-General for Western Australia in London from 1917-23, and was Agent-General for Malta, 1929-32. She was married in 1927 and has three children.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

A PERMANENT SECRETARY'S DAUGHTER AND A DÉBUTANTE OF 1937.

MISS DAPHNE HOLMES *is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice G. Holmes. She was presented this year by Mrs. Gerald Crutchley. A dance was given for her at the house of Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt during the season. Her father, Mr. M. G. Holmes, has been appointed to the post of Permanent Secretary of the Board of Education on the retirement, at the end of February, of Sir Harry Pelham.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

The Captain and Crew of "ENDEAVOUR I."—For "Hearding" her Home Under Sail after Parting with Her Hawser.

On September 13, " Endeavour I.", which went over as pacemaker to " Endeavour II." during trials before the " America's " Cup race, broke adrift from the motor-yacht " Viva II.", which was towing her home to Southampton. A 105-mile-an-hour Atlantic hurricane was blowing at the time and " Endeavour I." lost contact with " Viva." She was being towed on a 90-fathom six-inch steel-cored hawser, which parted twenty fathoms from " Viva II.'s " stern, 170 miles east of the Nantucket Light. Great concern was felt for her safety, in spite of the fact that her captain, Ned Heard, is known to be a magnificent seaman. On September 27 she was sighted by the tanker " Cheyenne," 260 miles south-west of Fastnet, having travelled nearly 1500 miles since she parted from " Viva II." She arrived at Gosport on October 1 and was given a great welcome. " Endeavour I." is owned by Mr. H. A. Andreae. She was built by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, owner of " Endeavour II.", as a challenger for the " America's " Cup.

STORM OVER CHINA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUISE JANIN.

GALLOP BEFORE THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE:

FROM THE DRAWING

"THE PATH OF THE WINDS," NEWMARKET.

Y LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

"My throat is safe with Craven 'A'... you can trust their smoothness and quality"
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CRAVEN 'A' 20
In the 'easy-access' inner-foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof 'cellophane'
10 for 6d. • 20 for 1/- • 25 for 1/3 • 40 for 2/-
Tins: 50 for 2/6 100 for 5/-
CARRERAS LTD. — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

BEAUTIFUL DIANA WYNYARD AS DRAB ELIZA DOOLITTLE.

The Old Vic opened its winter season with Shaw's "Pygmalion," with DIANA WYNYARD *as the flower-girl. Thus there is a chance to see what a recognised beauty can do in the way of "down-grade" make-up.*

THE PRINCESS BELOVED BY THE LION.

ALICE NIKITINA *is to make her first appearance with the De Basil Ballets at Covent Garden to-night (October 6) in "Le Lion Amoureux." She dances the part of the "Princess," with whose portrait the Lion (Lichine) falls in love. The story of the ballet is derived from La Fontaine's fable "Le Lion Amoureux"; and the idea is, perhaps, best conveyed by two lines from the fable, "Love, Love, when you invade our hearts, That moment common sense departs!" Nikitina used to dance with the Diaghileff Ballet.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERLYN SEVERN.

THE GOLDEN COCKEREL WAITING TO TAKE THE STAGE.

TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA *plays the name-part in the ballet version of "Le Coq d'Or," and scores another dancing triumph. Ever since she made her first appearance here with the de Basil Ballets, she has been a great favourite with all discriminating balletomanes on account of her fine dancing technique. She is appearing in to-night's production of "Le Lion Amoureux," in which she takes the part of the Florist.*

Thomasso Mogolini (RICHARD HEARNE), *the old opera singer who is held to ransom by bandits in "Going Greek," at the Gaiety.*

The Bandits' "Board Meeting": Nikolas (GAVIN GORDON), *Alexandros Saggapopolous* (LESLIE HENSON), *Pallas Pollicapillos* (FRED EMNEY), *and Pantages* (RICHARD CALDICOT).

ALEXANDROS SAGGAPOPOLOUS and Pallas Pollicapillos are leaders of a band of brigands in Greece, but their affairs are not very flourishing. Their only hope is an old opera singer, whom they have held for ransom so long that he has become quite a member of the family. As they can no longer afford to keep him, they turn him out just as he comes into a fortune. The plot revolves on the attempts of the principal bandits to get the money from Mogolini and to double-cross their followers. To do this, they are obliged to take to various disguises.

Pallas Pollicapillos (otherwise Pally), Mogolini, and Alexandros Saggapopolous (otherwise Ally) disguised. Mogolini finds a hot water-bottle necessary.

Ally, the brigand, does not rival the Russians as a ballet dancer.

HAVE THE GREEKS A WORD FOR THEM? ALLY, PALLY,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

Iris Carew (LOUISE BROWNE) *and Gwendoline Pettifer Potts* (ROSALIND ATKINSON), *two dancers who are captured by the brigands.*

Mogolini, the opera singer, turned into a ballet dancer; with two of the chorus.

Pomona (MARY LAWSON), *Pally's daughter, to prove a childhood engagement to Leander* (ROY ROYSTON), *shows him his portrait tattooed on her leg.*

The opening scene in the garden of the Hymettus Hotel, on the Greek Riviera, with the chorus in classical draperies.

BANDITS — AND THOMASSO, THEIR "GOLD MINE."

STAGE PHOTO. CO.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

MR. PRIESTLEY has been writing "plays of ideas." It is an excellent thing, since plays without ideas can so easily become a bore: they have to be such very neat plays to make up for what the solemn folk would call "lack of ideational content." The danger of the dramatist dealing in ideas is that criticism should settle on the ideas and forget the play. It is a great deal easier and a great deal better fun to start an argle-bargle about the truth of the dramatist's contention than to discuss the efficiency of the dramatist's method. Yet the latter is, I suppose, the first function of the critic. In "I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE," at the Royalty, Mr. Priestley starts a number of notions, by none of which am I particularly interested. Reincarnation, for example, seems to me not only fantastically improbable but a dreary form of creed. But to others it seems both plausible and charming. Very well, then, let us agree to differ and remember rather that a play is a form of entertainment as well as a vehicle of instruction. There is no need to differ after that. We shall agree that Mr. Priestley has told a story most excitingly and that Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's performance has, in a unique degree, the right exciting quality—and perhaps one may say quantity, too—so large and so well-projected are this player's personality and skill

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE," *at the Royalty, seen by Sherriffs. Walter Ormund* (WILFRED LAWSON; *right*) *surprises his wife, Janet* (PATRICIA HILLIARD), *in the arms of Oliver Farrant* (WILLIAM FOX). *Time being a continuous spiral, and everyone being permanently in a state of having been here before (as every schoolboy knows), Walter's astonishment is unwarranted.*

Imagine an inn on Grindle Moor. Grindle Moor is like Ilkla Moor in having an aroma of worms. It is a trifle ghosted: here might a psychic creature encounter the spook of Emily Brontë going a-wuthering on the windy heights. Dr. Gortler, who comes to the inn, is a spooky sort of fellow, a German exile, to whom Nature has allotted a second helping of second sight. He there collides with an eternal triangle which is really eternal, since Mr. Priestley implies that it has been happening before and will happen again unless the lovers can break free and start again. The triangle consists of an embittered, hard-drinking but successful industrialist (Mr. Lawson), his beautiful and naturally bored wife (Miss Patricia Hilliard), and a young schoolmaster (Mr. William Fox). Is there going to be a crash which will comfort none and possibly destroy all? Dr. Gortler (Mr. Lewis Casson) intervenes with his personality and his philosophy, as the Stranger usually does in plays where the mysterious benefactor is at large.

Mr. Priestley's strength is to take the Wandering Stranger type of play, which is often a sticky business, and make it natural and forcible and theatrically exciting without ever becoming forcible-feeble and theatrically childish. He tells his tale with great effect and there are two feats of acting of absolutely first-rate calibre: Mr. Lawson's lurid and arresting study of the frantic business man, and Miss Eileen Beldon's picture of the woman of the inn, worried and overworked at holiday-time, faultless in its picture of exasperation and fatigue. "I Have Been Here Before" makes an admirable follow-up for those who have been to "Time and the Conways." Cognate in theme, it is absolutely different in setting and in temper. Different temperaments will make different decisions. The realist will vote the Conways the better company, while the romantics may elect for the strange and feverish affair of Grindle Moor.

With an evening hour to spare I preferred the Holborn Empire to the pictures. The Holborn is the happiest of halls. Everybody seems to be in a good temper, and the "first house" on a Monday is as hilarious as a second house on Saturday elsewhere. Well, here were the great, glorious, and glossy Western Brothers keeping up the honour of the school and putting the cads on their mettle over again. I did not think their new songs as good as their old, but a Western lyric is susceptible of improvement at any moment, and there are no comedians who more closely keep their eye on the social scene and are quicker to score the topical point. After all this talk of the Cads, we had the superb Arch-Cad himself, Mr. Max Miller, the big-eyed, bounding boy, and my especial Holborn favourite. He distils a wonderful kind of commonness coupled with that immense enjoyment of life which is more typical of the old music hall than of the new one. He is not just a man with a load of mischief: mischief protrudes from every pocket of his preposterous suits and even from the very pores of his skin.

I liked "PEOPLE IN LOVE," by Mr. Arthur Reid, when it was played at the Arts Theatre Club some months ago. I liked its reappearance at the Ambassadors Theatre—but not quite so much. It is a frothy piece about nice, silly people saying nice, silly things (occasionally they say naughty and wise things, too), and the wine must be served with just the right amount of bubble and froth. The new cast is, in one respect, weaker than the old, and this interfered with the service all round. However, Miss Ellen Pollock gives a lovely performance of one of those women who drive men mad without being, as they deserve, driven out of the house. She has the true mischief for what is modestly called "a very light comedy," and she has an excellent partner in Mr. Jack Allen, who invests a simple young man with a bland and beautiful stupidity surpassing all the fecklessness and folly which one had previously imagined to be possible. Mr. Henry Hewitt, too, is extremely amusing as a much-fussed banker who has every reason to make a fuss. A man of method, he must be host to the scatter-brained. Mr. Hewitt has a first-rate vein of exasperation, not the roaring kind of the purple-faced M.F.H., which is proper to farce, but the frustrate petulance which, with good acting, can give an edge to the levity of light comedy.

Miss Greta Nissen, as one of the people in love, accepting a polite burglar as fiancé to cover a dilemma, is not so successful. She scarcely achieves a bubbling mood, and her "opposite number," Mr. Cyril Ritchard, possibly as a result, could not, on the first night, produce all the charming spontaneity and easy assurance of his original performance.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

YET another elaborate musical from the Paramount studios brings the "mixture as before," with its ingredients of song, dance, bands, and what not generously measured out, to the Plaza screen. "ARTISTS AND MODELS" is provided with a plot that, though it has seen some service in kindred entertainments, suffices to justify glittering ensembles and individual turns and, what is more, does its job well enough to pack the best of the fun into its own airy framework. I do not deny that the aquatic waltz of a couple of diving and swimming nymphs has a fluid grace, nor that a conductor with the imposing name of Kostelanetz extracts quivering melody from his orchestra, the while Connie Boswell sings seductively of "Whispers in the Dark." I must believe that Martha Raye's vocal and physical energy, as heard and seen in a musical battle of saxophones and machine-guns entitled "Public Melody No. 1," will have its host of admirers; but Jack Benny's skirmishes with threatening bankruptcy, fond ladies, and a cynical secretary (admirably played by Cecil Cunningham) seem to me vastly more amusing. For Mr. Benny is a thoroughly pleasant comedian, with a glib tongue and an air of candour preserved under all circumstances. As the head of an advertising agency entrusted with the publicity campaign of Townsend's Silverware he has a cut-to-measure part, and makes the most of it. His task it is to launch a "Silver Girl" for the campaign, and the search for a suitable model involves a little nobody in a social masquerade. The story, such as it is, swings merrily from New York to Palm Beach, with Ida Lupino, youthfully fresh and mutinous as the Cinderella heroine, Richard Arlen as her Prince Charming, and Gail Patrick ready to pair off gaily with Mr. Benny in the end. The picture, resourcefully directed by Raoul Walsh, introduces a newcomer in the person of Judy Canova, who belongs to the hearty school of drolls, and uses a raucous voice with much zest. She is—most surprisingly, seeing that American censorship cut Marlene Dietrich's harmless ablutions out of "Knight Without Armour"—first presented to her new public yodelling in her bath-tub! Less startling is the silent film-début of the famous English model Sandra Storme, who provides the quite lovely high-light of the lavishly staged "Artists and Models" ball from which this lighthearted medley borrows its title.

The British approach to the "musical," demonstrated in "GANGWAY," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, has a great deal to be said for it, especially when the bright, particular star who forms the pivot of the play is so delightful to listen to and to look at as is Jessie Matthews. "Gangway," though it has its bands, songs, and dances, and is a very handsomely staged affair, wastes no time over variety turns or spectacular ensembles. Its dainty *divette*, gallantly supported by Barry Mackay, is wholly responsible for the musical and terpsichorean interpolations, with the happy result that several tuneful numbers fall softly on the ear, whilst the eye is enchanted by the exquisite grace of the long-limbed, slender young creature who floats across the dance-floor or taps out the rhythm with pointed precision—the poetry of motion personified. Jessie Matthews the dancer is a joy that custom cannot stale; as a comedienne she shows a nimble and rather Puckish wit, well attuned to the spirit of this complicated comedy of errors, whose heroine is described as "an assistant film critic"! Her plunge into hectic adventure is not, I hasten to add, due to film criticism, but to a chase after the life-story of a temperamental film-star which carries her across the Atlantic and lands her into the hands of American crooks, who persist in regarding her as an international jewel thief. So does the hero, Inspector Bob Deering, of the Yard, though much against his will. The girl's capacity for getting into scrapes suffices to keep him guessing and the film moving at a pace which the director, Sonnie Hale, seldom relaxes. The story culminates in a grand burlesque of gangster warfare and "hold-up," wherein the authentic atmosphere is much strengthened by the presence of two "tough guys," Nat Pendleton and Noel Madison, and even a goodly measure of suspense achieved, mainly owing to an unfortunate lapse of memory on the part of Alastair Sim, an inadequate sleuth, but an inimitably comical figure. Well acted, smartly written, and ingeniously devised, "Gangway" is an exhilarating entertainment, at times a little loosely knit, but shot through with the infectious gaiety and the spontaneous humour of its star and its director.

Dr. Gortler (LEWIS CASSON; *right*)—*whose belief it is that nothing new ever happens to anybody—returns unexpectedly to retrieve a notebook of inestimable value which he has left behind. His memory is not what it was 250,000 existences ago. Our three friends have not changed much, and Time and the "Black Bull" seem quite stationary.*

Honour sits firmly enthroned in our "outposts of Empire," shaken neither by private passion nor by public peril. That is a comforting thought to which to cling as the triangle drama in Dikut unfolds itself heavily but decorously in "ANOTHER DAWN" (Regal). When Ian Hunter, a very noble Colonel, brings his lovely, but not loving, wife to a military station in the desert, he is really asking for trouble. For his immediate subordinate is Errol Flynn, also noble, but unfortunately the replica of the lady's dead fiancé. Thus the old situation of "'twixt love and duty" arises, to be solved by the Colonel's heroic and altruistic death. Indeed, an epidemic of altruism rages in Dikut. It affects the hero's sister, who loves the Colonel silently and unselfishly; it filters down into the ranks, to spur an erstwhile chicken-hearted orderly on to the sacrifice of his life, to say nothing of what it does to the virtuous lovers. If you have a taste for desert battle, the picture has its moments *à la* "Beau Geste" to offer in compensation for slabs of sentiment. Kay Francis brings a wide-eyed earnestness to her task; Errol Flynn his disarming smile; Ian Hunter a military bluffness; and Frieda Inescourt an air of common sense.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM STUDIO.

A SCREEN STAR RETURNS TO THE STAGE.

SYLVIA SIDNEY, *so well known as a film-actress, is now appearing at the Guild Theatre, New York, in a play called "To Quito and Back." This deals with South America, revolutions, and a social message. Its characters include a world-weary author, who leaves for Mexico with a lady, gets involved in a revolution, and is killed. Sylvia Sidney took to the screen in 1929; after making her name on the stage. Obviously, the films have not lost her altogether.*

"PORTRAITS OF A DANCER."

MISS GRACE LINN, *in all these fine ostrich feathers, is one of the witty, pretty Georgie Hale Glamour Girls in the new Midnight Circus at Grosvenor House. These dancers—said to be the most beautiful ever sent over from the U.S.A.—are just back from the Palm Beach Casino, Cannes, where they were the chief draw. Nightly, the Silver Restaurant at Grosvenor House is transformed into a proper tent, with clowns, pay-booth, sideshows, circus ring, and famous comedian Fred Emney as Ringmaster—a very elaborate form of cabaret. Some of the circus acts include Carlton Emmy and his clever dogs "The Madwags," and Texas Tommy who is over in England for the first time with his charming pony "Baby Doll," believed to be the smallest performing pony in the world.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

BEST AND HARKER
IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"The Phantom Light," the "comedy thriller" at the Haymarket, deals with the mysterious wrecking of Fern Line steamers off Derry Point, Cornwall. Jennifer Knowles (EDNA BEST), *sister of the owner, investigates matters in the lighthouse. She and Sam Higgins* (GORDON HARKER), *lighthouse keeper, find Wal Treherne* (HERBERT LOMAS) *knocked out and light out of action: they get it working again, when a masked figure holds them up.*

Jane shows modern simplicity of line at its best. This beautiful dinner gown in heavy, rough-surfaced silk has an extra wide shiny belt and flowers woven into sequin embroidery: The Model Gown Salon copies this gown for - - 18½ Gns.
Harrods
Harrods Ltd
London SW1

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

ALICE.

MOLLY.

LUCKY children, these. As lucky as they are delightful, for they are wearing Viyella—and what that means you can't know unless you have some experience of the sympathetic styling of all Viyella garments. The sturdy young man wears a suit from the new Tiny Tots range for the autumn. It looks almost hand-knitted, it fits with a truly masculine flair, and being in Viyella yarn it will wash again and again without shrinking or turning yellow.

Alice is a darling, and she is shyly proud of her spotted frock in Nursery Viyella. All the smartest babies this autumn will wear pleats, and she has plenty, to say nothing of knickers that match her dress. Molly has a dress from the same range, and she is thrilled because it has an embroidered collar and an inset front. She, too, has matching knickers. She is going to be well and happy right through the winter, because she will wear Viyella underwear, soft and warm and beautifully finished. They are luxury garments for small people, at ordinary prices.

I.S.

when
you're bluffing
and
you aren't
naturally
a
bluffer . . .

have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
will help
to give you
that
feeling
of
assurance . . .

so essential
to your effort
to
present
a life-like imitation
of a man
who
has got a poker face?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

If you are the fortunate possessor of a widow's peak, here is a new coiffure for you. The hair is swept back from the forehead in a way that is youthful and neat, and the loose, deep waves are a distinctive feature of the new autumn styles.—[COURTESY: EUGÈNE WAVING.]

DO YOU LIKE

A charming and gracious style for the older woman. Soft roll curls are arranged to fall in the hollows of the waves and cluster low on the nape of the neck. Here again, deep waves sweep smoothly over the whole of the head, giving a natural silhouette.—[COURTESY: EUGÈNE WAVING.]

IT is one thing to know that we are in for a winter of glamorous clothes—that furs are luscious, and sequins glitter, and veils will flutter from piquant hats and fall from fascinating headdresses—but it is another to feel that one can face so much splendour with the necessary amount of self-confidence. A well-coiffed head is a tremendous help, and fortunately hairdressers are an imaginative race, for almost in the twinkling of an eye they can provide one with an entirely new personality.

For the moment, the Page-Boy hair-cut reigns supreme, but already we are wondering what next. We are likely to remain faithful to soft roll-curls, if only because, once properly cut and set, they are so easy to keep in order. There is very definitely a feeling for large, loose waves brushed sleekly over the crown of the head, with clusters of curls around the ears and over the forehead; or, rather more casual in effect, for waves swept back on either side of a centre parting, the hair being fairly short at the front so that the second wave turns under into a curl.

In the end, of course, the thing that is of primary importance is not how your hair is dressed, but its actual condition and the way in which it is shaped. Whether you wear curls or a roll, your hair must be well tapered if you want it to keep in shape. Talking to Eugène about how to get the best results from a permanent wave, I was told that if the extreme ends of the hair are tapered, the effect is to bind the ends of the curls closely together so that not only do they look lovely, but they remain tight and springy.

Too many people are afraid to brush their hair after it has been permanently waved, and this is a very serious mistake. It will look better and last longer if the hair is divided strand by strand and brushed thoroughly from the tops to the ends in an upward direction. Use a slight wrist movement so that the bristles of the brush are not held stiffly against the strand of hair. Instead the hair should be picked up lightly by the outer bristles, so that, as the wrist is turned, the centre bristles come into action, until, finally, as the ends of the hair are reached, the outer bristles on the opposite side allow the strand to fall gently away. Such brushing stimulates the scalp and keeps the hair lustrous and free from dust.

QUITE possibly your hair is suffering from the result of too much sun and sea-water, and you are consequently afraid that a permanent wave might not prove successful. Or it may be that your hair has been bleached and has become brittle and lifeless. Don't worry. Now, for the first time, you can have a simple treatment which will entirely overcome these difficulties. First the hair is washed. Then it is divided into sections and creamed, after which one sits under a steamer and the head is gently massaged until all the cream is absorbed. A quick rinse—and that is all. The hair is left soft and shining, full of colour, and life, and most tractable. What is more, the results last.

Warm hair tones will be fashionable this winter, especially elusive red glints. They are achieved by the use of red henna or by one of the new colour rinses, and one can indulge in them light-heartedly, for they cannot harm the hair, but, on the contrary, they often act as a valuable tonic.

YOUR FACE LESS EACH YEAR?

Beauty is not important. Imagination is.

WHAT exactly do you think of your own face? Are you passionately bored with it? Because, if so, 'though I hate to be discouraging, it 's a million chances to one that other people are too. Are you dispirited about it? There 's no sense in that, when there are so many things that you can do. Are you, perhaps, just a little too pleased? That 's dangerous, for no woman remains a beauty after she is thirty, unless she takes intelligent care of her looks. And, besides, it makes for dullness!

Beauty is not fashionable to-day. We have no Lily Langtry. We have few outstandingly lovely actresses. It is a label that we no longer tie on people. We expect other things from them now when almost everyone is easy to look at. But we do demand that every woman shall make the best of herself. That is only common sense. Besides, it makes life so much more pleasant

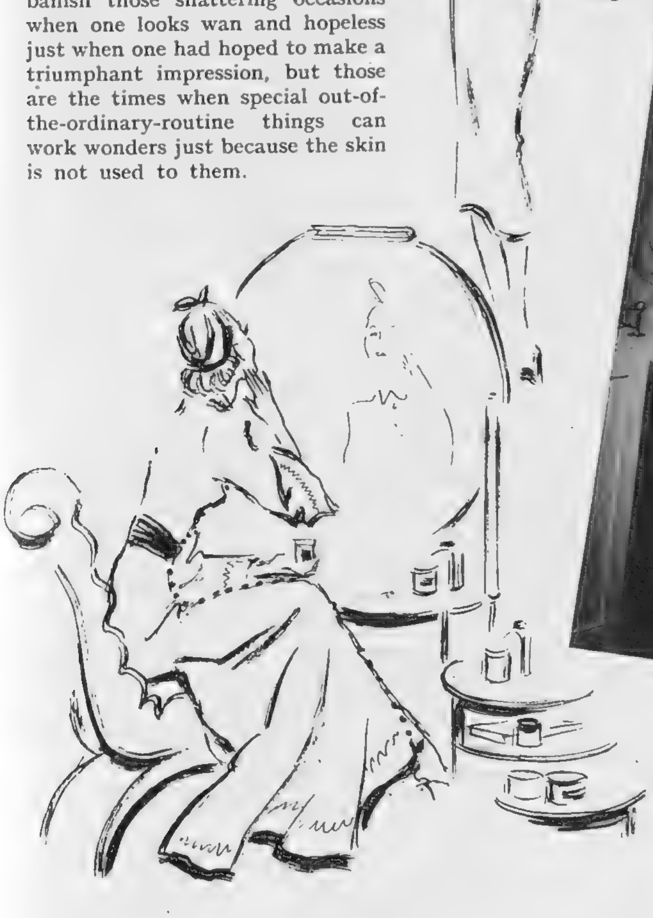
Good looks are, above all, the result of constant care. Not of spasmodic attentions, nor of sudden intensive and elaborate routines, but of a few minutes every morning and every evening devoted to the use of preparations which are completely perfect for your skin. It is not enough that they should be generally excellent. They must be good for you in just the same personal way as exercises, which should never be indulged in except under expert supervision. True, even the most loving care will not entirely banish those shattering occasions when one looks wan and hopeless just when one had hoped to make a triumphant impression, but those are the times when special out-of-the-ordinary-routine things can work wonders just because the skin is not used to them.

Undoubtedly one of the best things that any woman can do is to go along to an expert and get her to work out an individual and complete routine for the care of the skin. Next time you are in Bond Street call in and see Mrs. Hartley, of the Academy of Beauty Culture. She has spent many years studying cosmetic chemistry, dermatology, physiology, and everything that has any bearing on beauty culture, and her advice will be entirely unbiased.

HERE, in her charming salon at 73, New Bond Street, she runs a school for girls who intend to take up beauty culture as a profession. Taught by a doctor, a qualified chemist, a medical masseuse and experienced beauty specialists, they learn curative as well as beautifying treatments, including important electrical treatments which are exclusive to the school, and at the end of their engrossingly interesting training (which need only take five months) they invariably find well-paid and responsible positions.

Refreshing, cleansing and make-up treatments, given always by qualified pupils, cost 5s., and are most effective; or one-hour beauty treatments cost 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. This includes a mask, especially where necessary, which has a miraculous effect on enlarged pores.

Whatever your problem, talk it over with Mrs. Hartley. She is certain to be able to find a solution, and she will be delighted to show you how to look after your own good looks in your own good time.



At the Academy of Beauty Culture you may learn to look after your own or other people's looks. Here are pupils, working under the experienced eyes of a beauty specialist and a qualified chemist, who are taking up such work professionally, but, apart from the school, the staff is equally ready to advise you about your own make-up and the scientific home care of your skin.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Of all the illustrious figures of the past, few have marked the page of history with a stranger, stronger shadow than did Jonathan Swift. Why this shadow should be darker than most others, Swift himself explained in the memorable phrase that gives Miss Sitwell the title of her novel: "I live," he said, "under a black sun." A black sun, we may reasonably suppose, casts a blacker shadow. There are several reasons for thinking of this colour in connection with Swift. Throughout his life—certainly throughout the latter part of it—he was angry, he was miserable, and he was afraid.

Although, in his bitter pictures of the human race, and his equally bitter comments on it, he could give all-too-convincing reasons for his misanthropy, that misanthropy had probably a psychological cause. According to one theory (borne out by his ungallant allusions to the ladies of Brobdingnag), he had an acute sense of smell, and he disliked the smell of his fellow-creatures. This did not prevent him doing individuals many a kindness; he was the soul of generosity, but anonymously, as a rule, and at a distance, where the scent of the benefited could not reach him. Still, his charity did not assuage his anger. Anger is not conducive to happiness, but Swift had other reasons for being unhappy, besides anger. He was, at the beginning of his life, wretchedly poor. His poverty was an all-round humiliation; it debarred him from many activities of life, above all from marriage.

Love and a Maggot.

While he was still a young man he fell in love with the Lucy Linden of Miss Sitwell's story. The exquisite opening paragraph shows them walking hand in hand—

> . . . through the forest of white damson-trees, with the constellations of sharp and of soft flower stars and of dew falling upon their hair and brushing their lips, with the oceans of flower smells and of light lapping about them.

Here was the woman, Jonathan thought, who would repose in him just that blind confidence that he needed to complete his own confidence in himself. But he lacked the means to further his suit, so gradually he put the thought of her out of his mind, observing that to love, as human beings love, "was to ruin oneself out of a maggot." With this gibe he turned his back on marriage and (as many think) on the chief relationship that marriage implies.

But it was not only poverty, pique, and physical distaste that prompted his renunciation of matrimony. Fear, the third of the dark forces that ruled his being, also enjoined celibacy with no uncertain voice. He had not misunderstood the meaning of the bouts of dizziness that overcame him with increasing frequency; his uncle had died insane, and he knew that the same fate lay in wait for him: he would expire, as Johnson said, "a driveller and a show." Yet the same fear that would not countenance marriage acted as a spur on his deep-seated natural impulse to bend other lives to his, to protect himself from the oncoming isolation of madness by kindling, in the breasts of two women, fires that were to burn for him alone.

A Poet's Novel.

Miss Sitwell portrays him, not as the politician, the patriot, or the pamphleteer, though her novel takes into account all the aspects of his career, but as another "black sun" whose light warmed, scorched, and withered those two faithful satellites, Stella and Vanessa. Anna and Essy she calls them in her story, and Swift himself, Jonathan Hare. Thus renamed, and plucked, moreover, out of their own century to be replanted in ours, they might not be expected, on *a priori* grounds, to be very successful studies in historical portraiture. Whether they are good likenesses or not is a point that can be profitably discussed only by those who possess a knowledge of the historical material comparable to Miss Sitwell's. But anyone who has an understanding of the workings of the heart will find those workings faithfully illustrated here, and anyone who loves literature will realise that they are presented with an originality of outlook and a resourcefulness of craftsmanship that deserve the highest praise. Miss Sitwell writes, as one would expect of a poet, with the powers of her mind and imagination always at full stretch. That is to say, the fire and vehemence of feeling that conceived the whole work are to be felt on every page. One may pick out exaggerations and repetitions here and there: for instance, in the metaphors with which Miss Sitwell seeks to bring home to us some extremity of suffering or of grief. They do not matter; in fact, their presence is reassuring and, in a way, luxurious, like a fresh heaping of coals on a brightly burning fire. Her faults are always faults of excess. She finds an image or an epithet too lovely to part with; a wrong, social or personal, too outrageous to be dismissed; a grief that, however speechless, must be made to speak; a satirical portrait to which she must add one more crowning absurdity.

The quarantine regulations for dogs are a real bugbear, both for the animals themselves and their owners; but CARLTON EMMY'S *performing dogs shown here are hardly objects of pity. It is true that they are unable to leave the precincts of Grosvenor House, where, as performers, they are "quarantined" all by themselves, but there are many of them, so they do not lack company, and they are exercised daily on the roof of the hotel by the* GEORGIE HALE GLAMOUR GIRLS, *with whom they appear at the Midnight Circus.*

Cleverness and Cleverness.

But though she may exceed the mark sometimes, she never falls short of it. She has no shortcomings. All the myriad faults that proceed from deficiency—drought in the pen, anæmia of the mind, sterility of the feelings—of these her work is absolutely free. She is, too, one of the few writers whose cleverness is not a limitation but a gain to their art. For her cleverness, unlike that of many of her contemporaries, is not of the static, self-admiring, Narcissist type; it is not an end in itself, but a half-way house to the goal of wit or phantasy. It is the quality that makes her wit dangerous. Others can put up monuments to absurdity, but they do not last, whereas Miss Sitwell's statue of Mrs. Vanelden, protected by the barbed-wire entanglement of her cleverness, will certainly survive, a masterpiece of satiric portraiture. To be clever at other people's expense, however, is easier than to employ the same quality to their advantage. Miss Sitwell is not blind to the absurdities in the relationship between Hare and Anna and Essy; she points them out and dwells upon them. Yet ultimately they are not belittling, they even add to the impression of pathos and tragedy. It is a remarkable testimony, I think, to the comprehensiveness of Miss Sitwell's inspiration, and its power of fusing whatever material comes its way, that she can give us, without any sense of æsthetic disparity, moods as different as those produced by

[*Continued on page x.*

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

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The Gin that has medicinal properties

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GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The largest gin distillers in the world

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

It is just before eight o'clock on a bright autumn morning. A vast expanse of green sward, sand-hills and gorse, bordering the Fifeshire coast and sparkling with early morning dew; the turrets and spires of the Cathedral and University, gleaming in the sunshine, all lend to the impressive setting of the opening of the Autumn Medal meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. Soon a huge company begins to gather around the first teeing ground of the course, which is deserted except for hundreds of caddies, who have assembled on the first fairway. A man who looks very unlike an artillery expert fusses with a small brass cannon at the edge of the teeing ground, while a professional stands there with a new club and a new ball. The caddies, the cannon, and the professional are all there to contribute their part to the history and pageantry of golf.

SURREY: WINNERS OF THE LADIES' COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, *played over the St. Enodoc links, Rock, Cornwall. The Surrey team beat Norfolk by seven games to none, and four of their players each had three victories during the series. The names are (top row, from l. to r.):* MRS. R. T. PEEL, MISS H. PALMES, MISS P. FALKNER, MISS N. HALSTED; *(front row, l. to r.)* MRS. HUGH HEPPEL, MISS JEAN HAMILTON, MRS. J. D. CROSTHWAITE *(captain)*, MISS MOLLY GOURLAY, *and* MISS DIANA FISHWICK.

Presently, from the grey building which is the home of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, emerges a little group. Among them are his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Sir John Simon. They are the principal actors in this ancient ceremony. Sir John, the retiring captain, offers a formal greeting to his royal successor; the professional tees a ball and hands his Royal Highness the driver. The Duke drives the ball—60 yards—and there is a scramble among the caddies, who almost fight to retrieve it. At that moment there is a boom from the cannon, which proclaims to the City that the medal meeting has commenced. The caddie who has succeeded in gaining possession of the ball returns it to the royal owner, who rewards him with the customary golden sovereign, for a silver or gold replica of that ball must be attached to the silver club which, by playing that single stroke, the Duke of Kent has won. The balls on that club bear the names of famous men in history, among them King George VI., King Edward VII., Prince Leopold, and the Duke of Windsor. They have all been captains of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

Electing the Captain.

This pageantry is not a meaningless formality; it is traditional. In May 1754, twenty-two "Noblemen and Gentlemen, being admirers of the ancient and healthful exercise of golf," met and drafted rules for playing "the Golf." They formed the first Rules of Golf Committee, which governs golfers in all parts of the world. They each subscribed a sum of five shillings and purchased a silver club, which was the first trophy competed for by the Royal and Ancient Club. It became the custom automatically to elect as captain the winner of the Silver Club, but the custom gave way to election by past captains of their successor, because it was felt that rank was a greater qualification for the office than prowess at golf. The latter alternative offered some difficulties, since, under the original constitution, the winner of the Silver Club automatically became captain. It was decided, therefore, that the captain-elect should start out first on medal day, that he would play his first drive, and that no member of the Club should compete against him. Having played one shot in the competition, therefore, and all the remaining members refraining from playing in the competition, the captain-elect automatically won the Silver Club, and thus became "Captain of the Golf."

The Captain's Responsibility.

The title of Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club will not necessarily increase the burden of responsibility already resting upon the Duke of Kent, but in 1779 there was a regulation as follows: "If he" (the Captain for the year) "does not attend all the meetings to be appointed through the year, he shall pay two pints of claret he shall be absent at, to be drunk at such meeting." The Duke of Kent is already a keen golfer, but he has not devoted so much time to the game as would be necessary to reach the highest standard of skill. Nevertheless, he has played a great deal of golf with his brothers, and would certainly not take so many as 100 strokes, or more, with which the Silver Club was usually won in those days. The Club, together with the medal which was presented by Queen Adelaide to be worn as a distinguishing badge by the Captain, has been held by several royal personages. It was a King—William IV. —who invested St. Andrews with its title "Royal and Ancient"; the grandfather of the present Captain, King Edward VII., accepted the captaincy of the club, but played himself into office by proxy, and attached a gold ball instead of a silver one to the Club of office. His Majesty King George VI. and the Duke of Windsor have also been Captains of the premier Club.

In view of the importance of the deliberations which are taking place in connection with the government of the game of golf, I am not surprised to have been asked many times recently how the Club came to govern golf. The answer, to put it as briefly as possible, is because they were asked to do so, and were elected to the responsible position they hold by popular vote of the leading clubs many years ago. The R. and A. is not the oldest club: Royal Blackheath claims to have been founded in 1608, while organised golf at St. Andrews began in 1754. But the latter "Society," as it then was, formulated the first accepted code of rules, and were subsequently asked by other clubs to amend their rules so that the St. Andrews rules could be applied to them. These have been amended in deference to modern requirements from time to time, but only comparatively recently did they become the Rules of Golf instead of the Rules of the Royal and Ancient Club. Now they are accepted almost universally. Similarly with the control of championships. The R. and A. formed a Championship Committee, just as they had formed a Rules of Golf Committee, because they were requested to take charge of the Open and Amateur Championships. Because they were asked to control the championships, and because they were forced by popular demand to formulate the rules of golf, the Royal and Ancient Club undisputedly governs the game of golf.

NORFOLK: RUNNERS-UP IN THE LADIES' COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP. *Norfolk, beaten by Surrey in the final at St. Enodoc—in the semi-final unexpectedly beat Yorkshire by six to one. The names are (top row, from l. to r.):* MISS PEGGY BULLARD, MRS. HARRISON, MRS. JACKSON; *(front row, l. to r.)* MISS G. WATTS, MISS V. KERR, MRS. FLOYD *(captain)*, *and* MRS. MURRELL STUART.

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To all her guests South Africa offers more than eight hours of sunshine each day all the year round.

Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHAT is it?" asked The Engineer inquisitively. "Bulb catalogue? Football pool? Winter cruises? You seem very interested in it; twice I 've asked you a question and you haven't answered."

"Have you?" said The Jobber. "I 'm very sorry. What was it? At the moment I am rather wrapped up in this."

"What on earth is it?" demanded The Broker. "'Committee of the Benevolent Fund'? Are you going to send them a subscription? It 's the wrong time of year for that, surely."

"If you can't exist without knowing, my boy, I am looking to see which of the Committee I know."

"And why for?"

"So that I can get my name placed near the top of the candidates for early grants. Now do you understand?"

"Is business so bad as all that?" said The Merchant, with a smile.

"So bad, my dear Sir? I wouldn't mind if it were only so bad. It 's worse; far worse than that. Isn't it, Brokie?"

His fellow-member declined to be sympathetic. "Before you can go on the Benevolent, you have to resign your membership of the House, sell your Nomination, and give up lunching at the Savoy or the Ritz."

"All right, daddy. I will. You don't mind if I look in occasionally at Soho?"

"A milk-bar is more in my line," remarked The City Editor drily.

"I suppose so. They tell me you meet all the best people there. It 's possible, I understand, to drown all your sorrows in their curds and whey."

"American sorrows included?"

"What a regular Atlantic Ocean of trouble the Americans have landed us in!" exclaimed The Engineer. "That slump of theirs has hit everyone in the neck——"

"Not everyone," The Broker corrected. "Hang it, man, the mining markets stood up jolly well to the Yankee shermozzle. How about our old West African favourites?"

"Not too bad," admitted The Engineer cautiously. "Pity is, though, that I didn't average them at the bottom."

"We all feel like that—after the event. But what 's going to be the end of this American business? Is Roosevelt mad? Can't he see the harm he 's doing to his own country? People in the United States must have lost millions of dollars during the last few weeks."

"Hang the United States!" said The Merchant irritably. "I know plenty of people, nearer to us than New York, who have pretty ghastly losses to pay on their American shares. All for no good reason that I can see."

"What is going to be the end of it all?" The Jobber repeated.

"When once we get over the dust that this slump has raised, the American Market," prophesied The Broker, "will become a sort of second-rate speculative affair, with a small handful of good stocks and a collection of gambling counters that people will be afraid to touch."

"Rather sweeping, aren't you? After all, the public will always gamble."

"There are plenty of other things. You have only to look at the shipping market to see the scope there is for speculative talent."

"I took a modest tenner or so out of shipping shares this account," The Jobber acknowledged. "The market looked a good one to me, and I followed my own instinct for once. Turned out to be right, too; that 's the funny part about it."

"With freight-rates so high as they are to-day, the companies must be making their fortunes at the moment. The question is: how long is this going on?"

"We 've seen how prices of shares in the building trade have come down after their boom," said The Merchant. "Makes you a little cautious as to what may happen in other directions. Cement shares have had a smack, too."

"I think that drop in the Cement group has been overdone," The Engineer maintained. "Cement is wanted for road-making as well as for buildings, and there is no falling-off in the road programme, is there?"

"Then we can keep our Cements?"

"Stick to Cements is what I say, and you 'll get a good return on your money for years to come. Never mind the fall in share-prices. There are not many things that haven't come down more or less."

"Taxes haven't."

"But we balance our Budget."

"Thanks to our trade being good. When trade falls off, and the revenue with it, what then?"

"Ask Mr. Roosevelt. That is his pet problem just now, and he doesn't seem to find it an easy nut to crack."

"Yet you tell us to put our faith in the good Home Industrials?"

"And you can't complain that I have been far out up to the present," retorted The Broker. "Look at the dividends and reports that you see every day in the papers. I haven't been down this lot yet"—he indicated the column of dividend declarations—"but I wouldn't mind betting you an even half-crown that there are several increases on last year's profits. So what 's your trouble?"

"No trouble at all. All I say is that your prices don't respond to good news."

"You 're an unreasonable devil. Don't mind my saying so, do you? 'No'; I thought you were too reasonable to object. But how can you expect prices to make headway against the American, European, Asiatic, and all other——"

"Kinds of musick; spelt with a 'k,'" mused The City Editor.

"If you had a lot of money——"

"I had more a year ago than I have to-day. It wasn't a great deal then, either."

"Sell your Rolls and Hispano Suiza and be content with your pair of Daimlers. It might not hurt you even to walk a few yards, provided the weather 's fine and you don't get overheated."

"Seems to me I am much more likely to get night-and-day starvation."

"So long as your dividends roll in regularly and your companies are doing well, I think you ought to consider you 're a happy man. What more do you want, in a world-crisis?"

"It 's not so bad as all that."

"You talk as though it were. If you ask my candid opinion——"

"We are always pleased to hear, it of course," said The Jobber pointedly. "Can't we have your sugar-candied view as well?"

"In my humble opinion," The Broker hedged, "our markets have stood up extraordinarily well in the American *malaise*, as the newspapers call it."

"Why are you always so severe on the papers?" asked The City Editor. "We print your quotations without charge. We have columns and columns of financial paragraphs every day. They advertise your business at no cost to yourselves. Yet you Stock Exchange men are always grumbling about the papers. Why is it?"

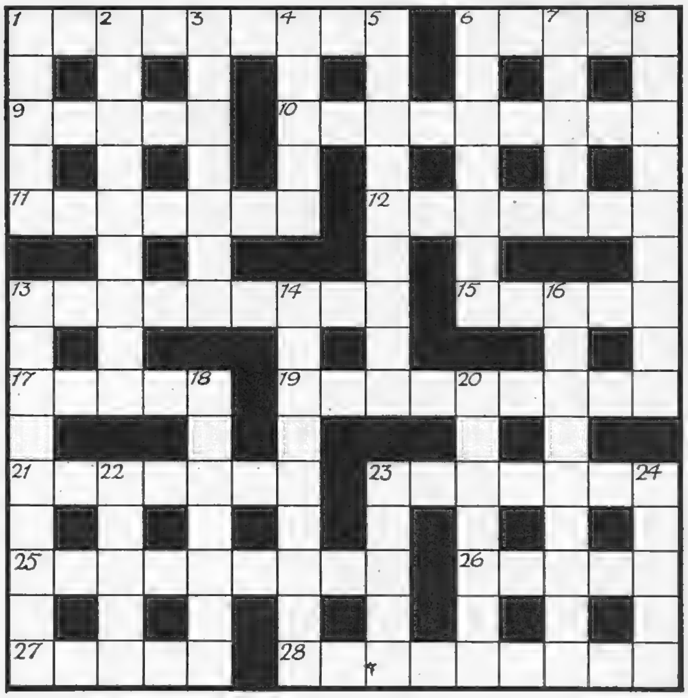
"Because you write such tosh about purely Stock Exchange affairs," The Jobber informed him.

"For instance?"

"Well, one of you chaps said, on two consecutive days, that there are five thousand members of the House. Actually there are about four thousand, as any fool knows."

[Continued on page VIII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. You 'd never imagine they could be responsible for most riots (9).
6. Supplied by mates, though they depute others to do so (5).
9. A bowl that seems to ask Joseph for spirit (5).
10. Spoke very fast? (9).
11. Not so square or the other way after (7).
12. Gusher? (hyphen, 3 and 4).
13. Showy and strikingly like turbot in the head (9).
15. Play (5).
17. They would appear the right vegetables for roof-gardens (5).
19. It 's raised to look you over (9).
21. However foul his conscience, he will still look you in the eye (7).
23. Bit of a reverse, but getting one at Wimbledon is encouraging (hyphen, 3 and 4).
25. Though having at heart what you are trying to do, it is bankrupt (9).
26. Me? I was miles away at the time (5).
27. Confined to quarters (5).
28. 10 S.E. (9).

DOWN.

1. Jam on the turn or just rank (5).
2. A stone that may become quite sour (9).
3. Seems to make me older (7).
4. Guide with four legs (5).
5. Drink liquor with an adherent (9).
6. Sent over some big stuff but dropped about forty-five inches (7).
7. Follow (5).
8. A midge has eaten and digested its head—two or three score, in fact (two words, 6 and 3).
13. Making the deuce of a row, the final and largest instalment being unpaid (9).
14. There is evidently a deal of meaning in an issue of shares (9).
16. Have to decide broad lines of policy, but a star finishes them (9).
18. Expert, but dead after decapitation (7).
20. Circulation that interests the marine stores (two words, 3 and 4).
22. Annoyed over a clique (5).
23. It is easy to get a stain out of this material (5).
24. Cutter (5).

This England . . .

Naunton, in a fold of the Cotswolds—Glos.

THERE was a great American who wrote this of England: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt . . . That beauty which is England alone—it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details—just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles—and over it all a mellow dream haze of history." Thus Mark Twain. And he might rightly have added to his simple catalogue "and hop vines and barley and the brewing of Worthington," for these last are as English as any ivy'd church or moated castle—and, in their humble way, just as historic.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

SURPRISES come thick and fast in the motoring world just now! Every two or three days one manufacturer or another announces his new season's programme, and a new model is launched. Particularly interesting is the Humber programme, announced the other day at the Dorchester. Six-cylinder engines and Evenkeel independent front springing figure on all new Humber models, and two entirely new cars are introduced. Carried on from last year are the famous Humber "Snipe" and "Pullman," the former now known as the "Snipe Imperial," to distinguish it from the new "Snipe," which has only a 21-h.p. engine, and sells at the modest figure of £345. Then there is a Humber "Sixteen," which is a sort of young brother to the new "Snipe," being identical in every respect but engine size and gear ratios.

The new "Snipe," with its 21-h.p. engine, taxed at £15 15s., weighs only 30 cwt., but the engine develops 78 horse-power. It should have a very good performance, and appears to have quite a vogue in store for it. Needless to say, in appearance and finish the new Humber models are up to the high standard always associated with Humber cars. There is never anything "cheap" about them—except their prices.

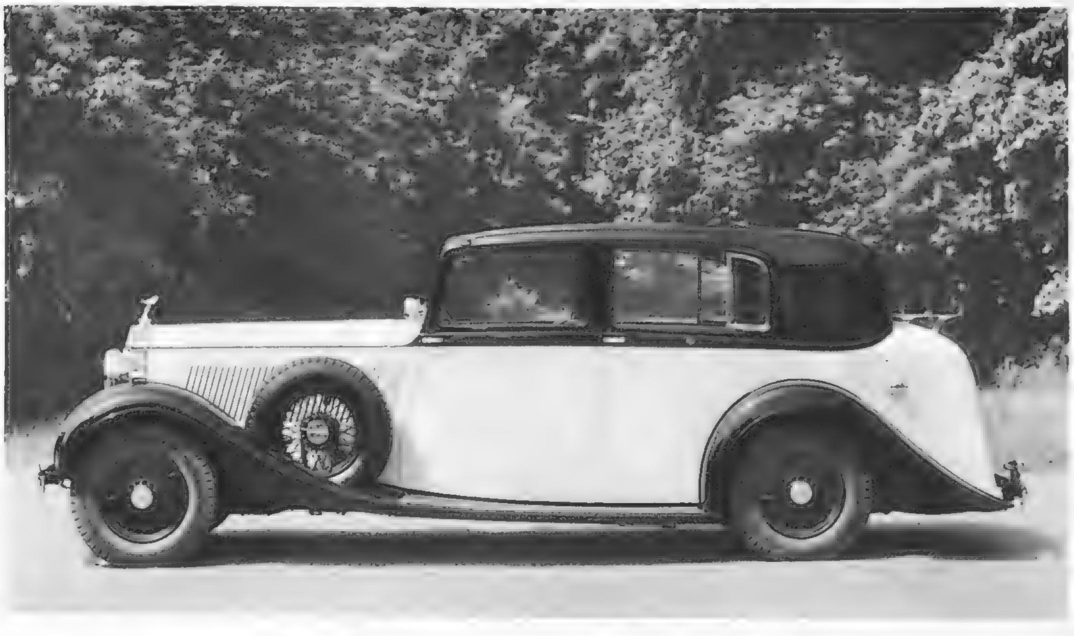
The engine is a straightforward side-valve job, with an aluminium alloy high-compression cylinder-head. The carefully balanced crankshaft is furthermore fitted with a vibration damper; and an automatic choke ensures instant starting, and enables the car to be driven away without any preliminary warming-up. The latter is quickly achieved, however, thanks to the thermostatic control of the engine temperature. The chassis is of the box-girder type, having six times as much resistance to twisting as the old "U"-section chassis. Being very rigid, it protects the body from strain, and ensures long life and freedom from rattles of the coachwork.

The Evenkeel independent suspension at the front allows the wheels to move up and down when traversing rough surfaces, without excessive movement being transmitted to the chassis and body. Humber cars are thus particularly well protected from strain, besides providing a more than usually comfortable ride for the passengers. The new "Snipe" has a wheelbase of 9 ft. 6 in., which is 10 in. less than that of the "Snipe Imperial." The width is 5 ft. 10 in., although the track is the full 4 ft. 7½ in., consequently the "Snipe" will fit into a moderately-sized garage and can be conveniently handled in a restricted space. Furthermore, the short wheelbase gives more "belly clearance"—a crude but effective term for describing the more than adequate ground clearance, which is affected by the length of the wheelbase as well as by the height of the lowest component from the ground. A four-speed gear-box with synchromesh on top and third and a new type of ball-change mechanism which still further simplifies gear-changing is fitted; as are fully compensated Bendix-Cowdrey Duo-Servo brakes.

The coachwork is designed to take five people in comfort. The front seats are adjustable over a wide range, while a very efficient system of draughtless ventilation, controllable at will, is provided. The windscreen opens upwards far enough for the driver to see under it when in dense fog, while special attention has been paid to luggage accommodation. The lid of the locker in the tail lets down to give extra room for trunks, and the spare wheel is located in a separate locker below the luggage compartment.

The new HUMBER "SNIPE," just announced, has undergone an intensive testing over some of the roughest roads on the Continent. The car is here seen in Istanbul, with a mosque in the background. This new model has a 21-h.p. six-cylinder engine, and is of very handy and compact dimensions, although the saloon body provides ample room for five passengers. An outstanding feature is Evenkeel front-wheel suspension, which provides extremely comfortable motoring over the roughest roads. This handsome car is priced at the very moderate figure of £345. There is also a 16-h.p. model at £330.

One of the most fascinating gadgets in the luxurious "Pullman," the long-wheelbase limousine edition of which costs £735, is an electrically-operated glass division between the front and rear compartments. A touch of a button raises or lowers the window either from the front or rear seats. The rear blind is similarly operated. The Humber limousine is an extraordinarily luxurious vehicle, fit to take its place amongst the finest of modern automobiles.



The new "HOOPER" SPORTS SEDANCA, with divisions behind the driving seat, on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls Royce Phantom III. chassis with seating for six to seven, including the driver; occasional seats facing sideways hinged to the division; rear part of head fixed, panelled aluminium and painted, sunshine roof over the front seat. All four door windows and window in this division are fitted with mechanical lifts and arranged to drop. Non-draught ventilating panels to the rear doors. It is painted pale yellow and black, upholstered with brown leather and cloth, and the inside woodwork is burr walnut. There is a boot at the rear for luggage built in as part of the body structure. This is accessible from the exterior, and has an untarnishable metal luggage-rack on the top of boot. There is a radio-set in the rear compartment, and the discs to all six wheels are painted black. It has been supplied to the Duke of Alba.

THE FORD MOTOR SHOW.

The Ford Motor Exhibition at the Albert Hall is, as usual, being run concurrently with the Motor Show at Earl's Court—from Oct. 14 to 23. The organisers are out to excel themselves in making the Ford Show one of London's most popular events. A musical programme will be an attractive feature, as the band of the Royal Artillery has been engaged. Refreshments are obtainable, and there is plenty of comfortable seating accommodation for visitors. An interesting feature will be a "disappearing" engine, for a cylinder-block, which apparently becomes transparent, enables the interior to be seen. There is a "new motorists'" section for the information of "L" drivers, and those contemplating buying a car for the first time, while two separate cinemas will show entirely new motoring films. There will also be working demonstrations, illustrating some of the machines used at Dagenham, and a display of the enormously wide range of Ford products, which covers such different requirements as motoring, goods transport, power farming, and industrial and marine power-units.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXIX.

THE SIMS' TACTICAL MINOR-SUIT BIDS.

As explained last week, these bids are made third in hand after two passes. One diamond is bid in the main as a defensive measure, and commands partner (unless, of course, he has anything better of his own) to lead a diamond, if the play of the hand goes to opponents. The third-in-hand club opening has a different meaning. It is not exactly defensive, nor does it ask for a club lead—on the contrary, it may be bid on a hand void of clubs altogether. None the less, it is artificial (say, tactical), and in that way is similar to the conventional one-club opening in any position, except that it does not indicate a powerful hand you expect to get a game bid out of. It certainly calls for a response from partner—indeed, the idea of bidding one club third in hand is to get a one-over-one response, from which you will be able to gauge further lines of action, thus: if partner overcalls in one of your good suits, you can raise him; if he raises in your call (clubs), you bid no trumps; if he shows weakness, or bids a suit you have no use for, you just sign off at one no-trump. So you see these third-in-hand minor-suit bids are kept well in the safety zone, provided always that your partner has a thorough knowledge of what these bids mean; if not, after your one-club bid he may run gaily into a high club contract, and that would be very awkward indeed. However, as I said last week, these bids (although artificial) are sound; they are, in fact, the only artificial bids that *are* sound—in a different class to the artificial informative double, for instance—that, at least, is my opinion.

Here is a hand taken from "Master Contract" on which you might open with one club in the third position:

Spades—A, 10, x, x.
Hearts—A, x, x, x.
Clubs—x.
Diamonds—K, Kn, x, x.

This is a strong hand, and on such cards I think the proposition might be extended to any seat at the table. We have here a potential game affair, and it would indeed be a pity to see the cards thrown in—a club bid cannot do much damage, and should appeal strongly to those who, for private reasons, are suspicious of four-card opening bids. Personally, I would open the bidding in any position on this hand, but I would bid one diamond; note, however, the author says, "Here you do not want a diamond led; partner's own natural lead is probably better. If the diamonds were K, Q, x, x, bid a diamond, not a club."

A more interesting type of the tactical club bid is—

Spades—A, K, Kn, 10, x, x, x.
Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—x, x.
Diamonds—x, x.

Many players pass on this hand, letting it be known when the cards are thrown in that they held a fine second-round bid. In my view, it is absurd to pass, but no doubt it is not clever to start with spades, which will deceive your partner—possibly induce him to double opponents, on the sure knowledge that you must hold an outside trick somewhere, which, unfortunately, is not the case. The advantage of bidding a club is self-evident—spades are bid and, if necessary, re-bid later, when partner should immediately fall for the situation.

Now to run over these third-in-hand minor-suit bids. Make dead sure your partner understands them as well as you do yourself (also let opponents in on them—if he doesn't cut them out). Then bid one diamond if you want a diamond led; bid one club when you are anxious to hear your partner bid. You need a couple of tricks in your hand to make either bid, but for a diamond opening you need no better than Q, Kn, 10—or even K, Q alone; while for a club opening you do not need to hold a solitary club, but to this bid partner must make a response.

This was a neat bit of end play:

Spades—10.
Clubs—K, Q, 10.
Diamonds—10.

B

Y		Z
Spades—Q, 5.		Spades—None.
Hearts—None.	Y Z	Hearts—6.
Clubs—Kn, 8, 7.		Clubs—6, 5, 4.
Diamonds—None.		Diamonds—Q.

A

Spades—6.
Hearts—10, 9, 8, 7.

The lie of the cards was pretty well marked. Spades were trumps. A to lead, and he could afford to lose only one more trick.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 29.

Across.—1. Television. 6. Brad. 10. Mango. 11. Elevation. 12. Advanced. 13. Thorn. 15. Trammel. 17. Eleanor. 19. Lenglen. 21. Risotto. 22. Cramp. 24. Inchcape. 27. Interpose. 28. Sepia. 29. Ears. 30. Kettle-drum.

Down.—1. Time. 2. Long-drawn. 3. Viola. 4. Stencil. 5. Overdue. 7. Rhino. 8. Dining-room. 9. Panthers. 14. Stalactite. 16. Malapert. 18. Note-paper. 20. Noisome. 21. Richest. 23. After. 25. Caste. 26. Harm.

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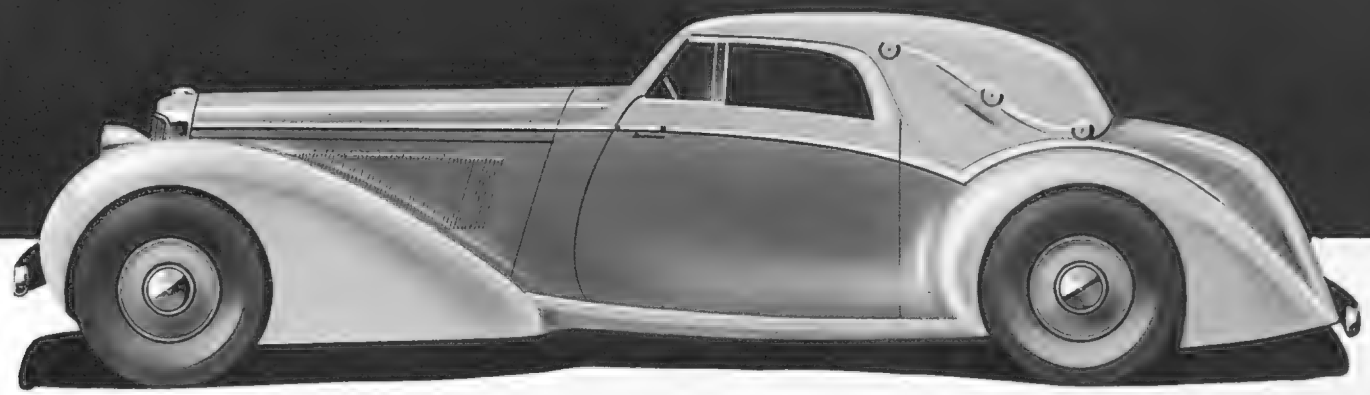

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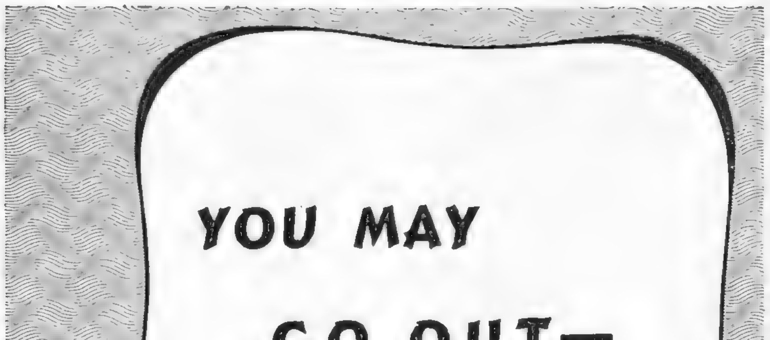
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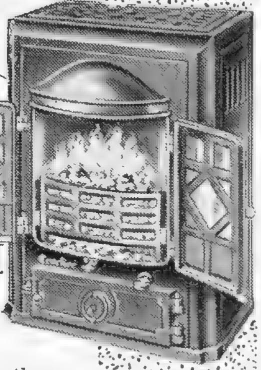

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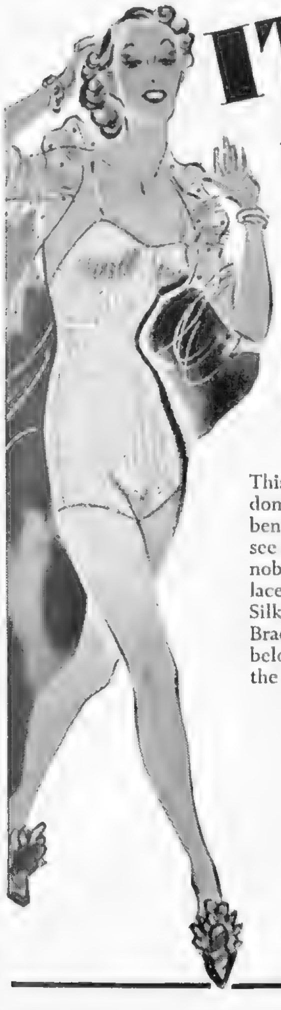

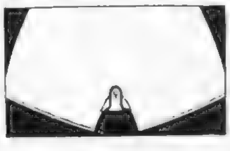

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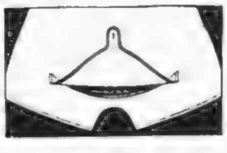

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CITY NOTES.

(*Continued from Page* 48.)

"Then the writer couldn't have been a fool; if he said five instead of four. What else?"

"Another paper, in writing about a failure in the House, said that silence was 'called for.' Fancy anyone calling for silence when the hammer goes!"

"I can't see there's much wrong with that——"

"The truth of the matter is that there's some freakish Puck who deliberately leads journalists off the rails whenever they write about Stock Exchange domesticities. This applies to all the papers, from the highest to the lowest."

"Are there any lowest?" asked The City Editor, his face impassive as that of St. Michael or St. George in the Consol Market.

The information was given him promptly, and in unison.

"You've left one out," said The City Editor, filling in the omission. "But look at the way your Rubber Market has been written up lately. Nearly all the papers are in favour of its prospects."

"Don't you think the outlook is pretty good?"

"I do, certainly. So do most other people. The stocks on hand don't go down very much, though. That is against the market, isn't it?"

The Broker agreed. "As soon as there's any sustained revival in American trade, those rubber stocks would quickly be absorbed," he assumed.

"And then we should see a boom in rubber shares?"

"I hope not. I nearly got killed on our last Mad Monday in that market. The pace was too hot for words, and Mad Mondays never do us any permanent good. Clients get in at the top, and then they blame the Stock Exchange for the reaction that generally follows."

"What we like in the House is a good, steady, rising market," declared The Jobber. "With plenty of buyers, and plenty of shares available to supply their wants."

"There should be no shortage of shares in any market round the House, after the liquidation you say there's been in connection with the Yankee slump."

"One would have expected to find the markets overflowing with cheap stock," The Merchant surmised. "Yet a few odds and ends that I have tried to buy weren't at all easy to get—at my prices."

"At your prices, perhaps not. A good many people expect to be able to pick up shares for next to nothing."

"You find there are other buyers besides myself, then?"

"Thousands of them. They don't all proclaim the fact——"

"So I've noticed," The Jobber observed.

"They are just waiting for the clouds to roll by, and in they will all rush to buy; and buy; and buy."

"Yes," said The Jobber. "Buy and buy and buy by and by. As Mr. Pepys nearly said, and so bye-bye." *Friday, Oct.* 1, 1937.

THE SPIDER SPINS ALONE.

(*Continued from Page* 16)

with morphine. He came back to the table, wiped an area on the Spider's arm, inserted the needle, and pulled the plunger slowly until the gauge showed empty. He waited a few seconds longer than two minutes, then reached with his left hand and rolled up the Spider's eyelid.

When the door-bell rang, the doctor ran out and opened the door of the room across the hall. He nodded to the nurse, a cheaply pretty girl with very blonde hair and large, scared eyes. He held the door open for her, watching her closely. Then, as she walked down the hall to the front door, he returned quickly to the room where the Spider lay blanched and still.

Rocco and Steve were without their hats. They stood in the doorway, staring.

The doctor stood up and removed the stethoscope from his head. He looked from the Spider's face to the men in the doorway. "Do you know this man?" he asked wearily.

Rocco and Steve stared at the bloodstained figure on the table. Finally, Steve raised horror-filled eyes and saw that there was another man in the room.

"Yeah . . . yeah, we know him," Steve said dully.

"I picked him up in front of that vacant lot on Burke Avenue, a block from the White Plains road," the doctor explained slowly and patiently. "I was returning from a late call when I suddenly saw his body lying there on the sidewalk. I didn't wait to call the police, which is probably what I should have done, but brought him straight here. I've done what I could for him, but it isn't very much. There's a bullet-hole behind his right ear."

Rocco and Steve exchanged a long look of understanding.

"Frankly, I don't want to have my name mixed up with an affair of this sort," the doctor admitted. "I have a large family practice, and the publicity. . . . I hope you gentlemen will understand." Steve nodded blankly. "Good! Then if you will take him away now I promise you I shan't report this to the police. Did you come in a car?"

"Sure, we got a car outside," Rocco replied.

"Then if you will drive it into the alley you can get the body out without anyone seeing you from the street," the doctor explained.

"You mean, he's—dead?" Steve asked quietly.

"Yes, he's dead," the doctor replied. THE END.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from page* 44).

the entry of Mr. Debingham and the exit of Jonathan Hare. No amount of taste or judgment could have united these irreconcilables; it needed the plastic force of a great conception expressed through a temperament capable of bearing the strain: and both these conditions are present in "I Live Under a Black Sun."

"Peter Waring." This is a novel cast in the form of an autobiography. Indeed, the illusion of authenticity is so complete that the reader continually slips into the mistake of thinking that the author is writing from his own experience. It was, on the whole, an unhappy experience that fell to the lot of Peter Waring, son of the village schoolmaster at Newcastle, County Down; a story of adolescence spent (after the removal to Dublin) in cramped and squalid surroundings; of affections maladjusted, and of a love which entirely missed its mark. Katherine did not return Peter's feeling for her, and the affection which her brother and more than one school-friend showed him was of no use to him, for he could accept no second-best. The story leaves him, after a phenomenal scholastic success, recovering from an experiment in suicide.

"Peter Waring" is a revised version of an earlier novel by Mr. Forrest Reid, "Following Darkness." In spite of that it does not bear much resemblance to the author's later work; it is almost entirely wanting in the mystical quality which was so marked in "The Retreat." It is a bare, spare, bleak story, with few half-tones or rounded edges. The hero alternately fascinates and repels us with his precocious powers of self-knowledge and the disillusioned, judicial eye he turned on his own character—

> The practical ethics of religion—that I should be good and encourage in myself a variety of Christian virtues—that kind of thing did not interest me at all. I possessed some of those virtues, I suppose, but I made no attempt to acquire any that were not mine by nature. I hated any kind of meanness or cruelty; I was straightforward, trusting, and in certain directions extremely affectionate; but I was selfish, egotistical, proud, sensual, impatient—flying into violent passions for very little—and above all, I had a stubbornness nothing could move.

Also (I must add) he was often sulky and disagreeable on very little provocation, so that it is not always easy to see why his friends (particularly his benefactress, Mrs. Carroll) took so much trouble with him. Mere strength of personality and a taking appearance were probably his longest suits, and a will-power so intense that when thwarted (as by Katherine's indifference) it left him nothing to live for. If one does not altogether like him, one respects his stoicism and his amazing candour. And I for one feel grateful to him for having supplied Mr. Forrest Reid with the central figure of a most memorable book—and a book so well written that it could be read for that alone.

Young Oxford. Mr. David Winser, a Newdigate prize-winner, a crack shot, and one-time stroke of the University boat, has now given another proof of his versatility. "Gay Good Night" is a novel about Oxford—and a delightful novel it is, fresh, light, amusing, witty, and pleasantly unpretentious. Mr. Winser writes with a deliberate air of amateurishness which is rather winning, nor is one surprised to find that his negligent manner conceals a good deal of shrewd observation and unconscious sophistication of outlook. How well he sums up the attitude of a large number of undergraduates when he says: "Cosmopolitan tolerance and a number of rumours are exactly what Oxford likes." Of his quartet of heroes, three are ambitious and fulfil their ambitions. Mr. Winser makes no great claims for them, but one instinctively feels that they have it in them to get a First, or a Blue, or whatever it is they have set their hearts on. The fourth, a pleasant fellow, but (it must be admitted) a sad road-hog, lives just long enough to marry. With his death the illusion of an ideal life, that will last for ever, is roughly shattered. Perhaps the same effect could have been got at less high cost—the wheel might have given the butterfly a shaking and no more. But it has been very agreeable to watch the little victims play, and one delightful feature of Mr. Winser's book is that he does not try to make his characters seem older or more experienced than they are.

"Death on the Borough Council." That too many civic bodies seem to know corruption is a fact readily admitted by everybody who pays rates, and the Borough Council of Stepping was no exception. So when its most influential

[*Continued overleaf.*

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Continued.]
but least respected member met a violent end in the library, no one except those who had shared the profits of his nefarious practices regretted him. Indeed, Councillor Hides had given so many people good cause to hate him that Miss Josephine Bell might easily have chosen a more plausible motive and one which the reader would have had a more sporting chance of discovering. But if the plot of "Death on the Borough Council" is not beyond cavil, the details are excellent. The corn-chandler's shop, the meeting to appoint an Assistant Medical Officer of Health, and the ghastly flight of the Assistant are vividly drawn, and the dialogue is always entertaining. Indeed it would be a first-rate story if Miss Bell had not let down her own high standard by an unconvincing explanation.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

I Live Under a Black Sun. By Edith Sitwell. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
Peter Waring. By Forrest Reid. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
Gay Good Night. By David Winser. (*Longmans, Green and Co.; 7s. 6d.*)
Death on the Borough Council. By Josephine Bell. (*Longmans, Green and Co.; 7s. 6d.*)

In our issue of the 29th September, on page 630, we published a photograph of a tinsel georgette coatee from Liberty's, of Regent Street, W. It should have been stated that the price of this coatee is nine and a half guineas, but that other coatees may be bought there from four and a half guineas.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE LAST STRAW" (Comedy). 8.30.—A man-in-a-trunk thriller. Fine acting by Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Psychology by Priestley, with Wilfred Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff; music, dancing, and fun.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—John van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Victoria Palace). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

"SOULS AT SEA" (Carlton).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in a thrilling drama of the sea.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"GANGWAY" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Jessie Matthews in light-hearted musical entertainment.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion).—A drama of escape and pursuit in revolutionary Russia, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich.

"ARTISTS AND MODELS" (Plaza).—Jack Benny and Ida Lupino in a merry "musical."

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"ANOTHER DAWN" (Regal).—Triangle drama in a desert outpost, with Kay Francis and Errol Flynn.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

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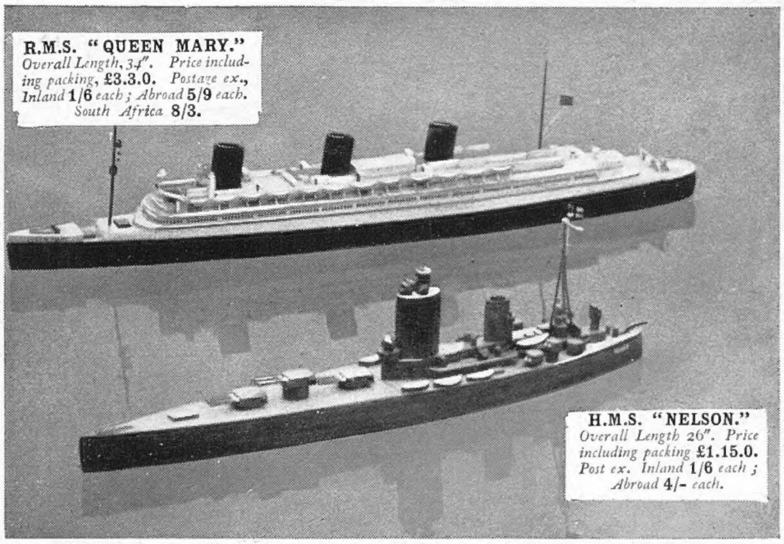

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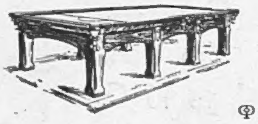

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